

NO 27
JAN.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Act Now



BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES

ACT
NOW

Mail
Coupon

WE ARE RELIABLE
OUR 56th YEAR

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Ukuleles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours.

SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. H-27, Tyrone, Pa.



GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT NOW



We
Are
Reliable

Write or
Mail Coupon

BOYS - GIRLS

1000 Shot Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give art pictures suitable for framing with White Cloverine Brand Salve for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. J-27, TYRONE, PA.

Write or mail coupon today. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. J-27, TYRONE, PA.



GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT
NOW

56th
Year



BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon now. Our 56th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. K-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



ACT
NOW



OUR 56th YEAR

BE FIRST

Cub Fishing Outfits, Footballs, Baseballs, Basketball Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. L-27, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission

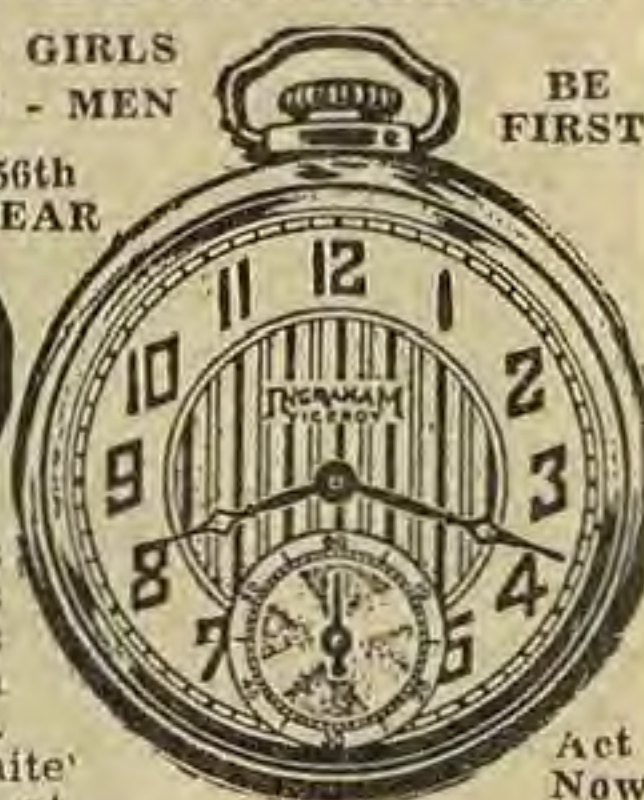
ACT
NOW



BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

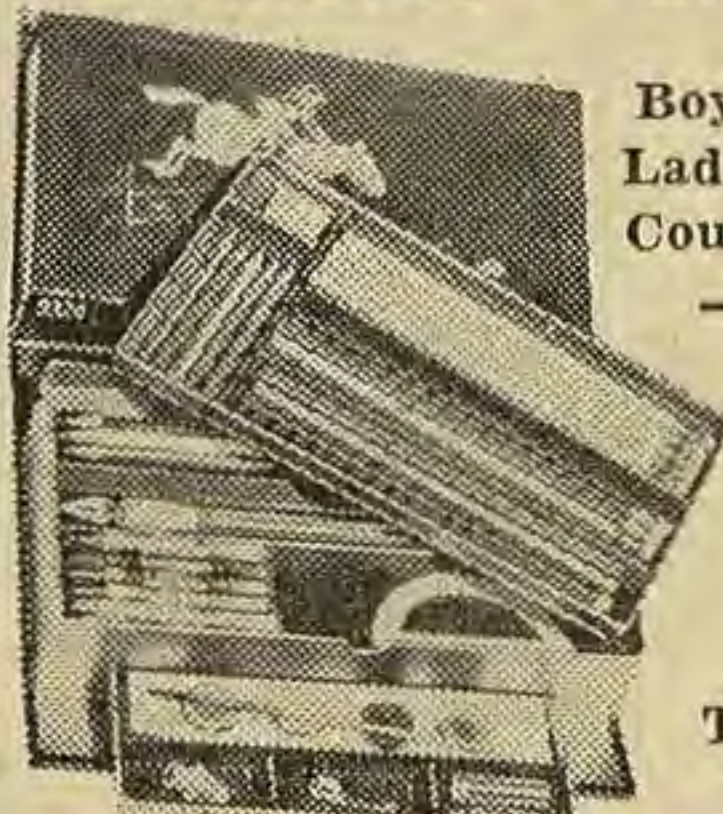
56th
YEAR

BE
FIRST



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. M-27, Tyrone, Pa.

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



Boys - Girls
Ladies - Mail
Coupon Now

SEND
NO
MONEY
NOW

WE
TRUST
YOU



OUR
56th
YEAR

Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Complete School Boxes, 3 Pc. Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. N-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - Premiums - Cash

56th YEAR



BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, MAIL Wrist Watches (sent COUPON postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **GIVE** Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. P-27, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. A-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. R.D. Box.....
Town Zone
Print LAST No. State.....
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

The LOST LIVES of LAURA HASTINGS



REINCARNATION-- IS IT FACT OR FANCY, READER? HAVE YOU HAD COUNTLESS PREVIOUS LIVES WHICH YOU CAN'T REMEMBER BECAUSE THEY'RE LOCKED WITHIN THE SECRET VAULTS OF YOUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND? WILL YOU HAVE COUNTLESS MORE REINCARNATIONS IN THE AEONS TO COME? IF YOU'VE EVER PONDERED ABOUT THAT, THEN LAURA HASTINGS' STORY OF HER LOST LIVES SHOULD PROVIDE A THRILLING ANSWER!

"MY STRANGE TALE BEGINS ON THAT FATEFUL MORNING WHEN I WAS LATE FOR WORK AND HURRIEDLY CROSSED A STREET WITHOUT LOOKING..."



"THERE WAS A SEARING MOMENT OF BLINDING AGONY-- AND THEN, THROUGH THE RED MISTS OF PAIN, I SENSED THAT I WAS BEING LIFTED, CARRIED SOMEWHERE! VOICES CAME TO ME-- AS IF FROM MANY MILES AWAY..."

SHE'S SEMI-CONSCIOUS-- BUT SHE'S A GONER! ANY INJURY TO THE TEMPORAL LOBE OF THE BRAIN IS ALWAYS FATAL!

SHE... SHE'S BEAUTIFUL-- I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER! I KNOW THAT NO ONE HAS EVER DARED CUT TOO FAR INTO THE TEMPORAL LOBE IN AN ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE CRANIAL PRESSURE-- BUT I'M GOING TO RISK IT! NURSE-- ADMINISTER THE ANESTHETIC!



"THEN BLACKNESS--AND THE WEIRD UNEARTHLY FEELING OF SINKING INTO A WHIRLING VORTEX-- BEING SWEEPED DOWN... DOWN... DOWN..."



SUDDENLY THE BLACKNESS WAS GONE, AND IN ITS PLACE...

YIII!
GAR-
LARU!



"THEN I FELT MYSELF BEING WHIRLED INTO THE DIZZYING VORTEX AGAIN-- BUT THIS TIME, I WAS BEING SWEEPED UP... UP..."

SHE'S COMING OUT OF THE ANESTHESIA-- SHE'LL LIVE!



OHH--YOU! YOU'RE THE... CAVEMAN WHO JUST SAVED ME FROM THAT HORRIBLE SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER!

HARDLY-- I'M DR. NEIL TRAVERS, THE SURGEON WHO JUST OPERATED ON YOU! THAT TIGER AND CAVEMAN BUSINESS IS OBVIOUSLY JUST A DREAM YOU HAD WHILE YOU WERE UNDER THE ANESTHETIC!



BUT I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE THIS MOMENT-- SO HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT IT WAS YOUR FACE THAT I SAW IN MY DREAM? AND BESIDES, IT WAS CLEARER THAN ANY DREAM-- I CAN STILL REMEMBER HOW YOU JUMPED ON THE TIGER, HOW IT CLAWED YOUR LEFT FOREARM---

SAY-- I DO HAVE A CLAW-LIKE SCAR ON MY LEFT FOREARM!

I'VE HAD IT SINCE BIRTH! BUT THERE COULDN'T BE ANY CONNECTION-- IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT I RECEIVED THE SAME KIND OF A CLAW-MARK IN YOUR DREAM!

"I TRIED TO BELIEVE DR. TRAVERS TO DISMISS THE STRANGE DREAM FROM MY MIND! BUT A FEW DAYS LATER..."

I'M GOING TO REMOVE YOUR BANDAGES TODAY, MISS HASTINGS-- AND IT'S GOING TO HURT A LITTLE! SO STEADY NOW!

THE PAIN-- I... I FEEL AS IF I'M GOING TO FAINT! THE VORTEX-- I'M BEING SWEEPED INTO THE VORTEX AGAIN!



"YES, ONCE AGAIN I FELT MYSELF BEING WHIRLED INTO THE SPIRALLING EDDIES OF TIME-- AND WHEN THE HAZE OF BLACKNESS LIFTED THIS TIME..."

I AM PRINCESS SAKKARA-- THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN ALL EGYPT!

BUT EVEN NOW MY SLAVES ARE BUILDING THE PYRAMID THAT WILL BE MY TOMB-- AND I CANNOT BEAR THE THOUGHT OF GROWING OLD, LOSING MY BEAUTY, DYING! I MUST SUMMON THE CHIEF NECROMANCER OF THE REALM AND FIND OUT WHETHER I CAN HOPE FOR REINCARNATION!



EXALTED PRINCESS-- THE SACRED BOOK OF THOTH REVEALS THAT WHEN ANY HUMAN DIES, THE SOUL IS RELEASED TO FIND A NEW HOME, A NEW BODY! AND WHETHER IT TAKES TEN MOMENTS OR TEN THOUSAND AEONS, EACH SOUL EVENTUALLY FINDS A BODY WHICH RESEMBLES THE ORIGINAL ONE-- AND IMMEDIATELY INHABITS THAT BODY AT BIRTH, THEREBY LIVING AGAIN!

BUT THE NEW BODY REMEMBERS NOTHING OF ITS PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS, FOR SUCH MEMORIES ARE BURIED TOO DEEPLY WITHIN THE BRAIN!

YOU MEAN I MAY BE REINCARNATED INTO THE BODY OF A SLAVE GIRL, AND FORGET THE GLORIES THAT WERE MINE? THE MERE THOUGHT OF THAT IS INTOLERABLE-- YOU MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, NECROMANCER-- OR I WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD!



AH, BUT I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, MY PRINCESS! QUAFF THE MAGICAL LIQUID IN THIS FLASK-- AND YOU WILL REMEMBER YOUR ROYAL STATE IN ALL YOUR FUTURE REINCARNATIONS!

QUICKLY-- LET ME HAVE IT!

IT.. IT BURNS LIKE FIRE! I... I FEEL FAINT...

THE DRINK IS INDEED POWERFUL-- BUT YOU MUST FINISH IT!

HA, BY THIS TIME YOUR WILL IS PARALYZED-- NOW I CAN TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THIS MAGICAL LIQUID! FIRST, IT WILL HELP YOU TO REMEMBER YOUR PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS ONLY IF AN OPERATION IS PERFORMED ON THE TEMPORAL SEGMENT OF YOUR BRAIN IN SOME FUTURE REINCARNATION! AND SECONDLY, THE DRINK IS FATAL!

YOU SEE, I AM HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH YOU, PRINCESS! I CONSULTED THE ORACLE AT THEBES AND LEARNED THAT WE HAVE BEEN AND ALWAYS WILL BE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER IN ALL OUR REINCARNATIONS-- BUT I KNEW THAT A ROYAL PRINCESS COULD NEVER MARRY A NECROMANCER, A MERE MAGICIAN! AND AFTER YOU HAVE TAKEN ENOUGH OF THE FATAL DRINK-- I WILL PLUNGE A DAGGER INTO MY HEART-- SO THAT WE WILL BOTH DIE, AND BE CLOSER TO OUR NEXT REINCARNATIONS TOGETHER! SO DRINK... DRINK...

THERE-- IT IS FINISHED! AND NOW--

"UP-- UP INTO THE SPINNING VORTEX ONCE MORE-- AND AS THE BLACK MISTS DISSOLVED, I SAW THE FACE OF THE NECROMANCER AGAIN--"

NO, I WON'T DRINK IT-- YOU... YOU MURDERER!

THERE, THERE-- YOU'RE DELIRIOUS AGAIN, MISS HASTINGS! YOU PASSED OUT FROM THE PAIN WHEN I REMOVED THE BANDAGES!

I... I'M IN THE HOSPITAL AGAIN! BUT IT WAS ALL SO REAL-- AS IF I WERE ACTUALLY RELIVING SOME PREVIOUS LIFE!

"WHEN I TOLD DR. TRAVERS ABOUT THE EGYPTIAN EPISODE..."

IT WAS JUST A DREAM, MISS HASTINGS! BELIEF IN RE-INCARNATION IS SHEER SUPERSTITION!

BUT IT ALL ADDS UP! PERHAPS THE OPERATION DID UNBLOCK THE MEMORIES OF MY PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS! AND IF YOU AND I ARE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER, IT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY YOU WERE THE CAVEMAN AND THE NECROMANCER, AND WHY I MET YOU IN THIS PRESENT LIFE!



IT'S ODD, BUT I FELT THAT WE WERE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER, TOO! -- BUT IT CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT REINCARNATION NONSENSE! I'M A SCIENTIST... I CAN'T BELIEVE IN THAT!

BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF PROVING ALL THIS! WHY DON'T YOU CHECK UP IN THE HISTORY BOOKS AND SEE IF THERE WAS A PRINCESS SAKKARA... NEIL!



"NEXT DAY..."

I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE WHAT I FOUND, LAURA! THIS BOOK TELLS HOW A PRINCESS SAKKARA OF THE VTH DYNASTY WAS POISONED BY THE COURT NECROMANCER, WHO THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!

THERE -- THAT PROVES I'M RIGHT!



I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU MUST HAVE READ ABOUT IT IN YOUR COLLEGE HISTORY COURSES, AND THE FACTS REMAINED IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND -- ONLY TO COME OUT IN YOUR DELIRIOUS DREAM! YOU'D BETTER FORGET ALL THIS NONSENSE AND CONCENTRATE ON GETTING WELL! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO START WALKING IN A FEW DAYS, AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO SPEND MORE TIME TOGETHER! THE ONLY PART OF YOUR DREAM THAT ISN'T NONSENSE IS THE PART ABOUT OUR BEING DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER!



"THE NEXT DAY, I DECIDED TO GET OUT OF BED AND SURPRISE NEIL -- BUT I SOON FOUND OUT WHY HE WARNED ME AGAINST TRYING TO WALK TOO SOON!"

I... I FEEL TOO WEAK TO STAND -- TO DIZZY --



"ONCE AGAIN THE FAMILIAR SENSATION OF BEING CAUGHT IN THE TITANIC WHIRLPOOL OF TIME ITSELF -- AND WHEN THE MISTS CLEARED THIS TIME..."

I OUGHT TO BE HAPPY THAT THIS PIRATE SHIP IS BEING ATTACKED-- I HATE THE BUCCANEERS WHO CAPTURED ME AND HELD ME FOR RANSOM! BUT IF THIS IS THE END FOR THEM, IT MEANS MY END, TOO! PIRATES ALWAYS KILL THEIR HOSTAGES WHEN THEY'RE LOSING A BATTLE! I...I GUESS THIS IS MY EXECUTIONER COMING NOW!

BOOM!
BLAM!



THREE BRITISH FRIGATES HAVE CORNERED US IN THE COVE-- AND THEY'RE BLASTING US TO PIECES! WE'RE SINKING-- BUT I'LL HELP YOU GET AWAY IN ONE OF THE SMALL BOATS!

WHY? SO YOU CAN HOLD ME FOR RANSOM-- YOU... YOU CUT-THROAT?



AND I'M NOT A CUT-THROAT! I'M THE SHIP'S DOCTOR! I WAS THE ONE WHO PERSUADED CAPTAIN FLOOD TO SPARE YOUR LIFE FOR RANSOM! BUT COME ON-- THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALK NOW!

NO-- BECAUSE I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU!

OHH!



IT... IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT FOR ME, TOO-- BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DOWN MY FEELINGS FOR YOU, TRYING TO MAKE MYSELF HATE YOU! BUT THAT... THAT KISS TOLD ME WE WERE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER!



OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO JUMP BEFORE THE SHIP SINKS-- AND TRY TO SWIM TO SHORE!

BUT SHE WON'T SINK FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES! MEANWHILE IT'S MY DUTY AS A DOCTOR TO HELP THE WOUNDED AND THE DYING!

BUT ON DECK...

LOOK-- THEY GOT OUR LAST LIFE-BOAT!





THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO, CAPTAIN!

THANKS, LAD-- YE'VE BEEN THE BEST SAWBONES EVER T' SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS! I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN HOW YE PULLED ME THROUGH TIME AFTER TIME-- AND NOW THAT MY TIME'S NEARLY UP-- I'LL TELL YE WHERE MY TREASURE'S BURIED... OFF POINT LOOKOUT ON CHESAPEAKE BAY...



... AN' THEN MARK OFF 13 PACES DUE EAST-- FROM THE OVERHANGIN' ROCK ON THE WEST CLIFF-- AN' START DIGGIN'! NOW GIT OFF THE SHIP WHILE YE KIN---

GOODBYE, CAPTAIN-- I'LL NOT FORGET YOU!



"BUT SUDDENLY..."

BOOM!



THAT... LAST CANNON SHOT-- GASP!-- I CAN'T MOVE! GO ON AND JUMP-- I'D NEVER MAKE IT!

NO-- I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU, BUT I CAN DIE WITH YOU! PERHAPS WE'LL MEET IN SOME OTHER, HAPPIER LIFE, MY DARLING--- OH, MY DARLING...



DARLING-- SPEAK TO ME!

JUMP-- LEAVE ME AND JUMP!



"THE BLACKNESS GAVE WAY TO LIGHT-- AND AS I OPENED MY EYES..."

I'M NOT ON THE SHIP-- I'M NOT DYING! AND... YOU'RE NOT A PIRATE, NEIL!

EASY, DARLING-- YOU MUST HAVE FAINTED AND HAD ONE OF THOSE DREAMS AGAIN! WHAT WAS IT ABOUT THIS TIME?



"WHEN I'D TOLD NEIL..."

... AND NOW WE HAVE PROOF THAT REINCARNATION ACTUALLY HAPPENS! I HEARD CAPTAIN FLOOD REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE TREASURE-- AND AS SOON AS I'M WELL ENOUGH, WE'RE GOING ON A TREASURE HUNT! IF WE FIND IT, WE'LL KNOW THAT WE DID HAVE ALL THOSE OTHER LIVES!

ALL RIGHT, DARLING-- I GUESS WE CAN TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS OFF AND DRIVE DOWN TO POINT LOOKOUT! WE WON'T FIND ANY TREASURE, OF COURSE-- BUT AT LEAST IT'LL HELP YOU GET ALL OF THOSE RIDICULOUS NOTIONS ABOUT REINCARNATION OUT OF YOUR HEAD!



TWO WEEKS LATER...

THIS IS THE SPOT CAPTAIN FLOOD MENTIONED! YOU CAN START DIGGING HERE, NEIL!

ALL RIGHT-- BUT WHEN WE DON'T FIND ANY TREASURE, DON'T START TELLING ME THAT SOMEONE ELSE DUG IT UP BEFORE US!



GREAT SCOTT! THERE IS SOMETHING BURIED HERE--- A... A CHEST!

CLANK!

OF COURSE, DARLING! AND NOW WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO SET YOU UP IN A MEDICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY ALL YOUR OWN!

YES-- AND IT'S ALSO ENOUGH TO GET MARRIED ON, SWEETHEART!



THERE... THERE'S A FORTUNE IN JEWELS AND GOLD HERE! THEN ALL THAT REINCARNATION STUFF IS TRUE!



HE'S WRONG, DEAR-- DEATH WILL NEVER PART US! AS LONG AS WE'RE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER, WE'LL GO ON MEETING AGAIN AND AGAIN IN ALL OF OUR FUTURE REINCARNATIONS-- TILL THE END OF TIME!

YES--AND THAT DOESN'T HOLD TRUE ONLY FOR US! IF REINCARNATION IS A FACT, IT MEANS THAT **EVERYONE** ON EARTH HAS HAD MANY PREVIOUS LIVES, AND WILL LIVE THROUGH MANY MORE REINCARNATIONS--AND THOSE WHO ARE DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER WILL **ALWAYS** BE TOGETHER THROUGHOUT ETERNITY!

... I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE, UNTIL DEATH DO YOU PART!



THE END

The bike that has **EVERYTHING!**



Full 26-Inch Size
Boys' and Girls' Models



STYLED LIKE A MODERN AUTOMOBILE
Smart as the new convertibles,
and almost as beautiful and easy
riding. Smooths out the rough-
est roads.



GRACEFUL AS A PLANE

Super streamlined air-flow de-
sign, with the sweeping curves
and graceful lines of a speedy
jet plane.



RUGGED AS A TANK

High frequency electronic weld-
ing and double-thick joints for
extra strength, durability and
safety.

Thrilling GENE AUTRY Models



Rich, Rodeo Brown finish . . . with life-like
pony's head above front fork . . . "jewel" stud-
ded fenders, chain guard, saddle and front fork
pistol-type horn . . . genuine leather holster
with red-handled, Gene Autry pistol . . . brown
and white streamers on handlebar grips . . . and
fringed, two-tone "saddle blanket" with Gene
Autry's famous "Flying A" insignia . . . and
Gene Autry autograph on chain guard. 20 and
24 inch sizes. Boys' and girls' models. One year's
fire and theft insurance included.



the Famous **MONARK** Super Deluxe

Double spring, rubber cushioned, shock absorbing front
fork . . . "Strato-Liner" headlight with "Road Focus" beam
and safety side lenses . . . "Protecto-Gard" tank rails, heavy
duty luggage carrier and "Krome-gard" rear bumper . . .
massive Motor-Bike fenders and jeweled, monogrammed
pedals . . . "Air Wing" head shield, built-in auto-type tank
and horn . . . and dozens of other Monark extras, including
a full year's fire and theft insurance to protect you against
loss. Tops in beauty, quality and performance.

See Them Today!

For the name of the nearest Monark dealer,
pick up the phone and call Western Union
by number. Ask for Operator 25. She'll tell
you his name and address.



MONARK SILVER KING, INC.

6501 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 35, Ill.

Strange REVENGE

TREMPY HEARD THE rough, heavy steps coming up the wooded hill. He whimpered in fear. The big, tough boys, sticks and rocks in their hands, were coming. They had tired of mischief in the town below the hill, where lights flared and hoarse laughter rasped. Baiting Trempy was rare sport.

They loved to trap him in some hollow of the hill at night. Their sport was raucous laughter as Trempy backed away in terror. It was then he would chatter like a monkey, spitting out the strange, gasping, confused syllables, the word fragments he'd learned in the town before the sane ones banished him to his lonely cave abode. Trempy hated their superior intelligence, their quick, vulpine motions as one after the other closed off the avenues of escape.

And trapped, Trempy would howl like some wild thing, the wind whipping his rags about him like the scraggly fur of a beast. But his howling only incited them further. Then they would beat him, and exhausted, depart.

Trempy tried to hide. It was no use tonight. They'd spread out again as they always did. There was a wavering line of fifteen of them, toughs from the slums, thin hungry faces lean against the night sky, sharp and evil with purpose.

"There he is!" one shouted. They saw him in the dim moonlight, a crazed, scarecrow figure flapping up the hillside. They came on, laughing, shouting obscene jests, brandishing sticks and stones.

Trempy fell back on his own hollow, where they'd never come before. They closed in. But suddenly the shouting hoodlums halted.

"I'm not goin' in there!" one of them

squeaked. "There's funny stories about that cave!"

A rougher voice barked: "Can it! The idjit's alone, ain't he? He ain't got no friends!"

"If he had," the first one stammered, "they'd be planted in a place like this!" His voice was drowned in cat-calls. Again they advanced.

Trempy was near his cave now. He felt almost safe. He stumbled over the ancient, fallen, graven stones that littered the ground. Ahead, the cave yawned like the jaws of some prehistoric monster. Trempy gibbered. He seemed to be trying to talk. But not to the toughs. His back was to them now. They didn't stop this time. They ran on, shouting. Trempy smiled crazily. He had nothing to worry about, now. He was home. Now his friends would do his talking for him. And maybe...he tittered in mad glee... maybe something else!

The first stone was launched. It missed, crashing past Trempy into the cave. Angry arms shot skyward to launch others. Suddenly they froze, dropped. The bright glow that lit up the cave hypnotized fifteen pairs of eyes!

Trempy moved silently, jerkily out of the way as his friends had told him to, the next time he was bothered.

Then Trempy's friends came out of the cave. They were creatures of bleached bone and ancient, withered flesh. They had been buried a long time before. And they seemed glad to be taking the night air. Except for the screams, their promenade might have been a gay ballet of nimble, tearing steps...a ballet of death for fifteen!

DOLLS OF DOOM



VOODOO --- DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THAT WORD HAS BROUGHT UNSURPASSED TERROR TO THE HEART OF COUNTLESS THOUSANDS THROUGHOUT THE WEST INDIES AND AMERICA! FOR THE SATANICAL MAGIC OF VODOOISM COULD **KILL**, EITHER SLOWLY OR SUDDENLY, BUT ALWAYS AGONIZINGLY! AND ALTHOUGH MOST OF THE VODOO WITCHES ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WIPE OUT IN THIS MODERN DAY AND AGE, WHO KNOWS WHAT GHOULISH RITES OF SORCERY AND DEMONOLOGY ARE STILL BEING PRACTICED IN THE ISOLATED REGIONS OF THE WORLD?



DEEP WITHIN THE EERIE, FORBIDDING SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA'S BAYOU COUNTRY---

THAT MUST BE THE PLACE --- THE HOVEL WHERE THE NATIVES SAID **ZAMBARTA** STILL LIVES ON!



YOU--- **YOU** MUST BE ZAMBARTA--- **THE VODOO WITCH!** NO ONE ELSE COULD LOOK SO INCREDIBLY OLD---OR SO **EVIL!**

AH, YOU KNOW MY NAME! BUT I DON'T GET MANY VISITORS THESE DAYS ---WHO ARE **YOU?**



I'VE KNOWN YOUR NAME EVER SINCE MY CHILDHOOD, ZAMBARTA! I'M **FLOYD SARTORIS**, OF THE SARTORIS PLANTATION IN UPPER LOUISIANA--AND I STILL REMEMBER HOW MY GOVERNESSES USED TO SCARE ME INTO BEHAVING BY SAYING THAT ZAMBARTA, THE DREAD VOODOO WOMAN, WOULD COME AND GET ME UNLESS I WERE A GOOD BOY!

HEH, HEH--FIFTY AND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN MY MAGICAL POWERS WERE AT THEIR HEIGHT, IT WAS THE **GROWN-UPS** WHO WERE TERRIFIED OF ME!

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN MY VOODOO MAGIC KILLED **HUNDREDS** IN NEW ORLEANS ALONE! THE POLICE COULD NEVER LEGALLY PROVE THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIME WAVES--BUT WHEN THE PUBLIC OUTCRY AGAINST ME REACHED A CLIMAX, I WAS FORCED TO FLEE AND HIDE HERE IN THE BAYOUS! BUT THAT WAS FULLY FIFTY YEARS AGO--AND SINCE THEN, ONLY A FEW BELIEVERS HAVE SOUGHT ME OUT TO PURCHASE MY MAGIC FOR THEIR EVIL ENDS!



YES, SINCE THEN MY FAME HAS TURNED INTO FICTION, MY NAME INTO A LEGEND! PEOPLE TODAY MOCK AT VOODOO-ISM AND CALL IT STUPID SUPERSTITION--SO WHY HAVE **YOU** SOUGHT ME OUT, FLOYD SARTORIS?

BECAUSE I AM ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING BELIEVERS IN VOODOO MAGIC, O ZAMBARTA! I AM A DABBLER IN THE OCCULT--I HAVE ROAMED THE WORLD, FRUITLESSLY SEEKING THE SECRETS OF SORCERY THAT WOULD GIVE ME WEALTH AND POWER! I TRIED TO LEARN THE RITES OF VOODOO IN HAITI--BUT THERE I WAS TOLD THAT THE ONLY GREAT MASTER OF VOODOO, ZAMBARTA, HAD LEFT THE ISLAND FOR THE NEW WORLD OVER A CENTURY AGO!

THWARTED IN MY SEARCH FOR POWER, I RETURNED TO THE SARTORIS PLANTATION--ONLY TO FIND THAT MY FATHER HAD DIED, AND THAT HE HAD DISINHERITED ME BECAUSE I HAD NEVER STAYED HOME TO TEND TO THE PLANTATION THE WAY MY BROTHER, ANDREW, HAD DONE! AND WHEN I LEARNED THAT THE FABULOUSLY PROFITABLE PLANTATION HAD BEEN LEFT TO ANDREW AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, I KNEW THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO **DIE**--THAT ALL THE WEALTH HAD TO BE **MINE**!



BUT I KNEW I HAD TO KILL THEM WITHOUT AROUSING THE SUSPICIONS OF THE POLICE! IT WAS THEN THAT I RECALLED THE LEGENDS OF **YOUR** BLACK MAGIC, ZAMBARTA--AND I KNEW THAT **YOU** WERE THE ANSWER! FOR WEEKS I QUESTIONED THE FEARFUL BAYOU NATIVES--BUT AT LAST THEIR DIRECTIONS LED ME TO YOU! AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL FOR THE MAGIC THAT WILL HELP ME GET THE PLANTATION AND ITS FORTUNE!

HA--I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR YOU--A **VOODOO QUANBA DOLL**!

FIRST, THE POSSESSOR OF THIS DOLL HAS TO WORK HIMSELF UP TO THE PROPER DEGREE OF HATRED FOR HIS ENEMY! THEN, WHEN THE **DEATH-WISH** IS AT ITS HEIGHT, FLINGING THE DOLL INTO A FIRE WILL INSTANTLY SUMMON UP A **FIENDISH DEMON FROM THE UNKNOWN**--WHO WILL **SLAY** THE ENEMY! THE DOLL IS **YOURS**, FOR MY USUAL PRICE--\$100,000!



HMM, THE PLANTATION IS WORTH OVER A MILLION-- I'LL PAY YOU AS SOON AS I GET RID OF MY BROTHER AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER! BUT FOR THAT, I'LL NEED **THREE** DOLLS--LET ME HAVE THE OTHER TWO ON THAT SHELF BEHIND YOU!

NO! IT TAKES 20 YEARS TO PERFORM THE INTRICATE MAGICAL RITES NECESSARY FOR THE PRODUCTION OF EACH DOLL--AND I'M KEEPING THE OTHERS TO USE AGAINST **YOU** IN CASE YOU DON'T PAY ME! YOU'LL HAVE TO MANAGE WITH ONE DOLL-- YOU CAN ALWAYS KILL THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER YOURSELF!

I WON'T RISK KILLING THEM AND GETTING CAUGHT--BUT THERE'S NO RISK IN KILLING **YOU** FOR THOSE THREE DOLLS! WE'RE A HUNDRED MILES FROM NOWHERE--NO ONE WILL HEAR THE SHOTS!

FOOL-- DIDN'T YOUR DABBLINGS IN THE OCCULT TEACH YOU THAT **NO ORDINARY BULLET** CAN KILL A VOODOO WITCH?

SURE-- I KNEW THAT A VOODOO WITCH CAN LIVE FOREVER--UNLESS **SILVER** PIERCES HER HEART! AND THAT'S WHY I CAME ARMED WITH **SILVER BULLETS**--JUST IN CASE YOU TURNED OUT TO BE OBSTINATE!

YAGHHH!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

HA, ALL THREE OUANGA DOLLS ARE MINE NOW--AND SOON THE **SARTORIS PLANTATION** WILL BE ALL MINE!

TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE SARTORIS PLANTATION--

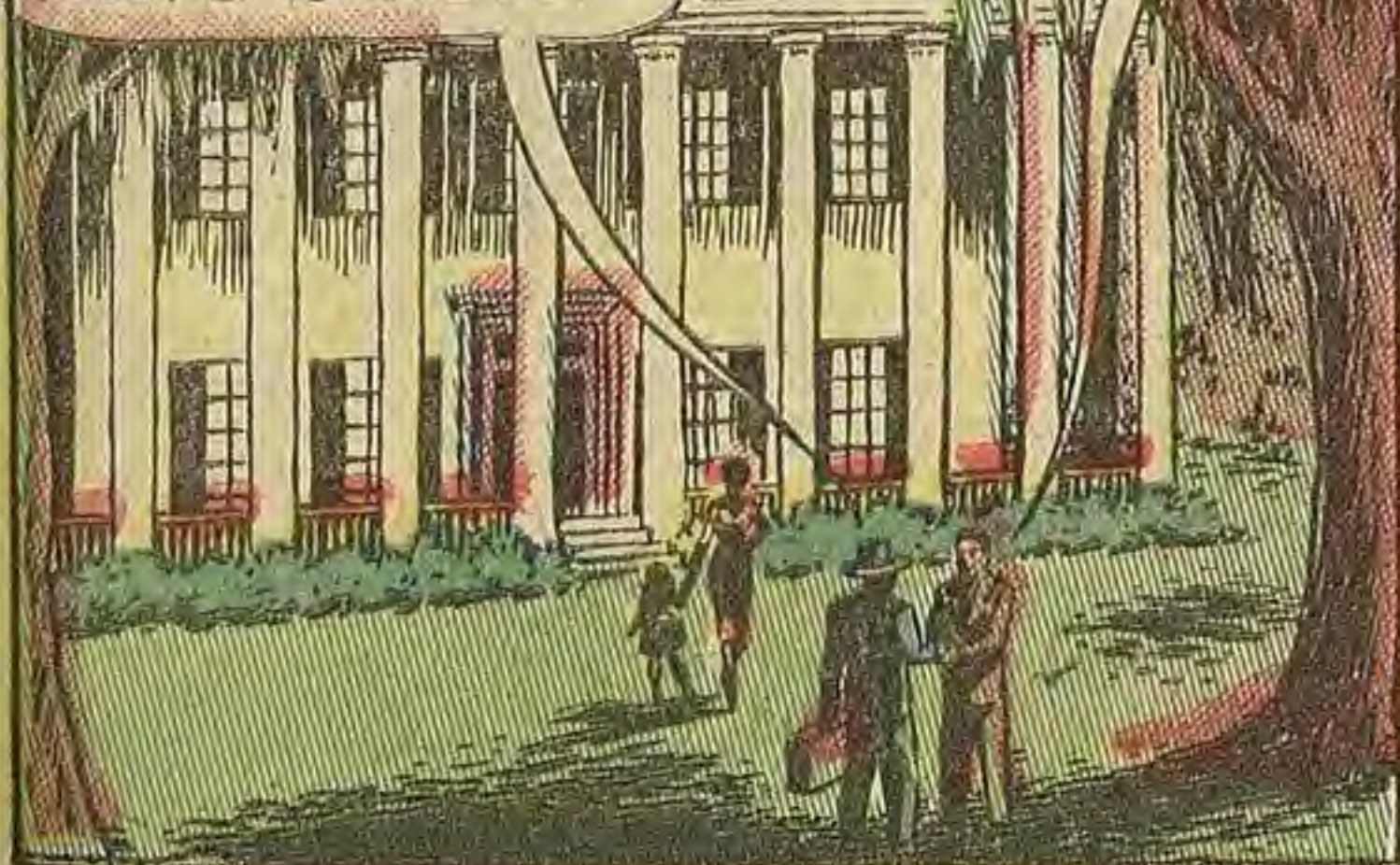
YES, ANDY--DAD'S DEATH HAS MADE ME SEE THE LIGHT! IF I'D STAYED HERE AND HELPED HIM WITH THE BURDEN OF MANAGING THE PLANTATION, PERHAPS HE'D HAVE LIVED A FEW YEARS LONGER! SO FROM NOW ON, I'D LIKE TO STAY HOME AND HELP OUT--IF YOU'RE WILLING TO HAVE ME!

OF COURSE, FLOYD--I'M **DELIGHTED** TO HAVE MY WANDERING BROTHER BACK AGAIN!

I DON'T **LIKE** UNCLE FLOYD--HE DIDN'T BRING ME ANY PRESENT!

WHY, MADGE--HOW **COULD** YOU SAY A THING LIKE THAT?

I'LL MAKE UP FOR IT, MADGE--I PROMISE TO GIVE YOU A **BIG SURPRISE** SOME DAY SOON!



LATER THAT DAY --

ALL THREE OF THEM HAVE GONE OUT TO GIVE MADGE A HORSEBACK-RIDING LESSON-- NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SNEAK DOWN TO THE FIREPLACE AND THROW THE FIRST DOLL INTO THE FLAMES! I'LL START WITH **ANDREW**--IT'LL BE EASY TO WORK UP TO THE PROPER DEGREE OF HATRED AGAINST HIM! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS THINK OF HOW HE'S KEEP-
ING ME FROM A FORTUNE!



I HATE MY BROTHER, ANDREW! HE WAS ALWAYS THE FAVORITE SON, ALWAYS GETTING THE ATTENTION THAT I WANTED! AND NOW HE'S GOTTEN THE PLANTATION AND THE FORTUNE THAT I WANTED--AND I HATE HIM WITH EVERY FIBRE OF MY BODY!



YES, I HATE HIM --AND I WISH HE WERE DEAD!



AN INSTANT LATER, ON THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE SARTORIS MANSION--



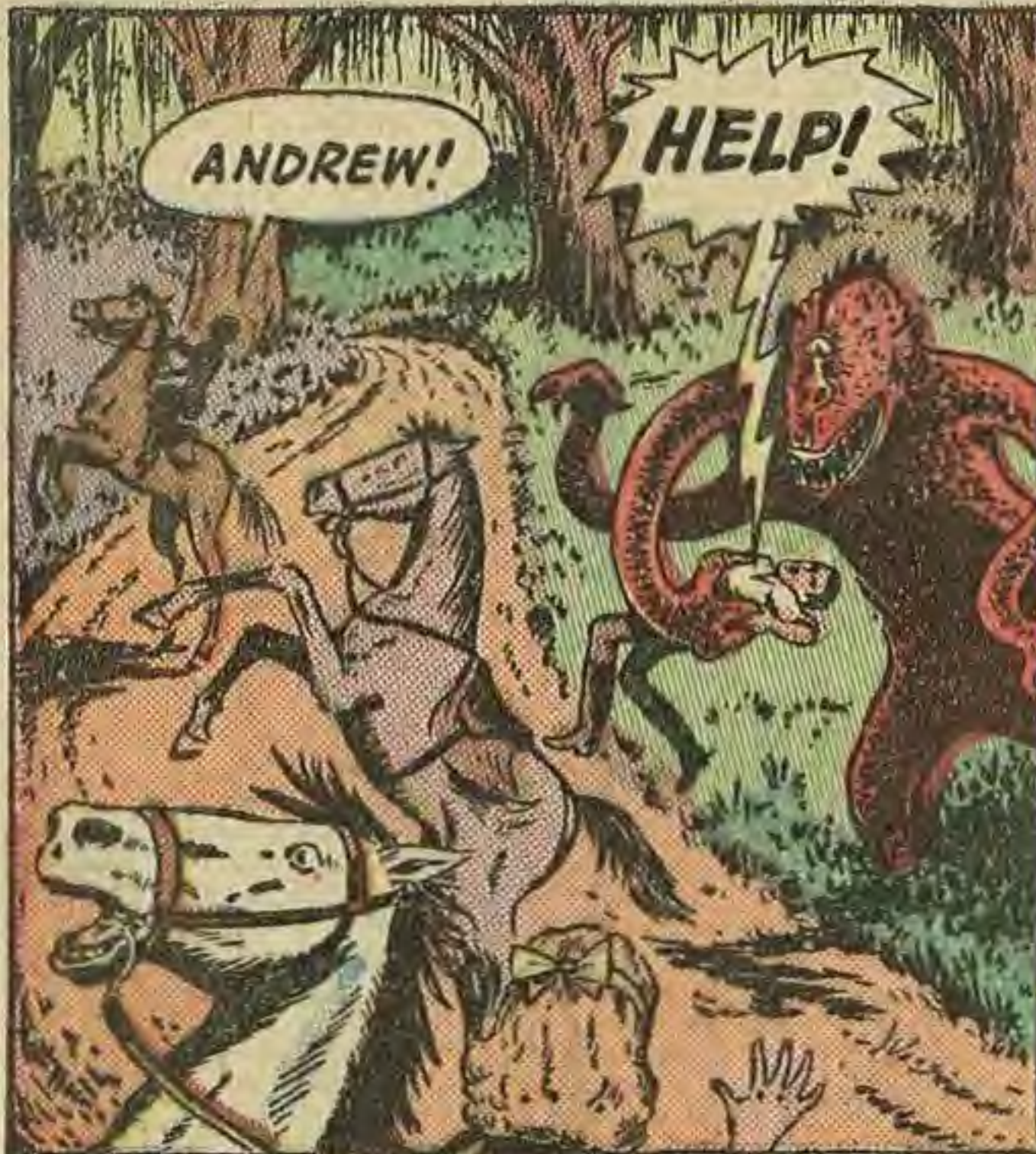
MOMMY... DADDY... L...LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT --THAT--THAT THING SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!

OH!!

ANDREW!

HELP!



AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN HORSES FLEE IN UNCONTROLLABLE TERROR FROM THE AWFUL DENIZEN OF THE UNKNOWN--



YAAAGHHH!

SMASH!





MOMMY MOMMY!

YES, I-- I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! AFTER THAT-- THAT MONSTER STRANGLED HER, IT DROPPED HER-- AND DISAPPEARED!

YOU'D BETTER GO PHONE THE POLICE-- WHILE I TRY TO CALM MADGE DOWN!



YOU KILLED MY MOMMY! I HEARD YOU SAY YOU HATED HER AND WISHED SHE WAS DEAD, AND I SAW YOU THROW SOMETHING IN THE FIRE-- SOMETHING THAT MUST'VE CALLED UP THE MONSTER! AND I-- I'M GONNA TELL THE POLICE ALL ABOUT IT!

WHY, YOU LITTLE BRAT--!



I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU BREATHE A WORD OF THAT TO ANYONE! PROMISE YOU'LL KEEP IT A SECRET-- OR I'LL--!

OWWW... I-- I PROMISE!



TEN HOUR LATER--

HMM, AND YOU SAY NO ONE ELSE WAS EVEN NEAR MRS. GARTORIS' ROOM WHILE YOU WERE ON DUTY, NURSE? THAT LEAVES US WITH A **SUPERNATURAL** ASSAILANT THAT CAN APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR AT WILL! AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH CONTACT WITH LOUISIANA VODOO CASES TO KNOW THAT SUPERNATURAL DEMONS **DO EXIST!**

I-- I'VE GOT TO TELL THE POLICE-- EVEN IF I DIE FOR IT!



HE'S THE ONE WHO CALLED UP THE DEMON! I HEARD HIM SAY HE HATED MY MOMMY AND WISHED SHE WAS DEAD, AND THEN HE THREW SOMETHING IN THE FIRE-- **JUST BEFORE MY MOMMY SCREAMED!**

ER-- THE POOR CHILD'S OUT OF HER MIND! LOSING HER PARENTS IN SUCH QUICK SUCCESSION HAS PRODUCED A PSYCHOSIS-- SHE'S BEEN SEEING AND HEARING THINGS!



MMM, MAYBE THE KID **WAS** SEEING AND HEARING THINGS-- THINGS THAT **REALLY HAPPENED!** YOU HAD A MOTIVE IN WANTING TO GET RID OF YOUR BROTHER'S FAMILY-- BECAUSE THE PLANTATION REVERTS TO YOU AFTER THEIR DEATHS! AND YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST MAN IN LOUISIANA TO USE VODOO WITCHCRAFT IN COMMITTING MURDER! HIGGINS-- SEARCH THIS GUY'S ROOM, AND BRING OUT ANYTHING THAT LOOKS STRANGE OR SUSPICIOUS!



TEN MINUTES LATER--

THIS WAS THE ONLY STRANGE THING I COULD FIND, INSPECTOR-- IT WAS HIDDEN IN THE BOTTOM OF HIS SUITCASE! HAW-- IMAGINE A GROWN MAN PLAYING WITH **DOLLS!**

ER-- THAT'S JUST A-- A **PRESENT** I BOUGHT FOR MADGE! I-- I GUESS I FORGOT TO GIVE IT TO HER BEFORE!



EDITOR



WE'VE GOT A lot to talk over this month! So let's start in with heartiest greetings to all of you loyal fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"...and then get down to business!

It seems that we've got something on our editorial chest that we feel you should know. Just a few days ago, we met an old acquaintance who hailed us with these words: "Hear you folks are putting out 'Forbidden Worlds' now! Looks like you're making a business out of the supernatural, what with two leading magazines going full blast!"

Here's what we told him...and we think that you'd like to know it, too! The great and unknown realm of the supernatural means far more than just a business to us. It's a challenge, an inspiration. For what more fascinating pursuit can be found than delving into the occult in search of the strange and eerie findings that lurk beyond the borders of known fact? We, we, are fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown". And we, too, are faithful and fascinated readers of the very material which we labor so lovingly to produce. Even as you, we thrill to strange tales of specters and

phantoms...gasp at weird stories of zombies, vampires and werewolves...chill delightedly to the midnight doings of the dark denizens of forbidden worlds! And that, we feel, accounts for the nationwide success of this magazine. It explains how such an issue as this one has been made possible. It's an issue which we think you'll enjoy...because it runs the gamut of the supernatural. There's "The Lost Lives of Laura Hastings", for instance...a breathless account of a soul's reincarnation through the ages. In radically different vein is "Dolls of Doom", a fast-paced treatment of the dread voodoo problem. "The Shape of Evil" offers a tense account of a spectral menace...and "The Buried Brain" is a real thriller for the midnight hours. "Citadel of Evil" is literally out of this world...and winds up a thrill-laden issue.

As usual, we want to know how you like these stories...or what else you'd like us to carry. Address your letters to The Editor, Adventures Into The Unknown, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Meanwhile, here's what a few of you have been saying:

"Dear Editor:-

Recently I discovered 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and was so impressed that I immediately entered my subscription. The stories in your wonderful magazine were all great, but I was most impressed with 'The Undying Brain' and 'Halls of Horror'. If all the other issues of your book are as good as this, I'll be well satisfied. And although my subscription will assure me of all your future issues, I would like to buy or exchange for back issues with any comic fans who might like to write me. Here's wishing long life to 'Adventures Into The Unknown'!

-Roger Dard, 232 James St., Perth, Western Australia"

"Dear Editor:-

I am an ardent fan of the supernatural, and am more than delighted with your stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I've read many comics, but definitely find yours best of them all. I liked 'Flight of the Dead' best in your September issue, and suggest more tales of zombies and vampires.

--Jack Sabl, Lincoln, Neb."

"Dear Editor:-

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is tops with me! I like it because of the suspense, mystery and excitement present in every story. Those I enjoyed most were 'The Thing That Lived Again' and 'Shadow of the Wolf'. Always a fan...

--Phyllis Opiopio, Honolulu, Hawaii"

Don't forget to read our companion magazine...**"FORBIDDEN WORLDS"!**

WARDING off WITCHES

DO YOU BELIEVE IN WITCHES, READER? WELL, WHETHER YOU DO OR NOT, WE THINK YOU'D BETTER READ THESE HINTS ON HOW TO WARD THEM OFF ---JUST IN CASE YOU EVER COME FACE TO FACE WITH ONE!



A BUNCH OF WOODEN KEYS CARRIED IN THE LEFT HAND, OR IN THE LEFT STOCKING, IS SAID TO BE A GUARANTEE AGAINST PERSONAL HARM BY WITCHES!



LUPPER STONES, ALSO KNOWN AS SERPENTS' EGGS, WERE HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM BY THE ANCIENT BRITONS AS A CHARM TO WARD OFF WITCHES! IN SOME PARTS OF WALES, THE STONES ARE KNOWN EVEN TODAY AS GLAINE MAN DRUIDHNE, THE BRIDGE OR MAGICIAN'S SLUGS --- AND MANY WELSHMEN ALWAYS KEEP ONE HANDY, JUST IN CASE!



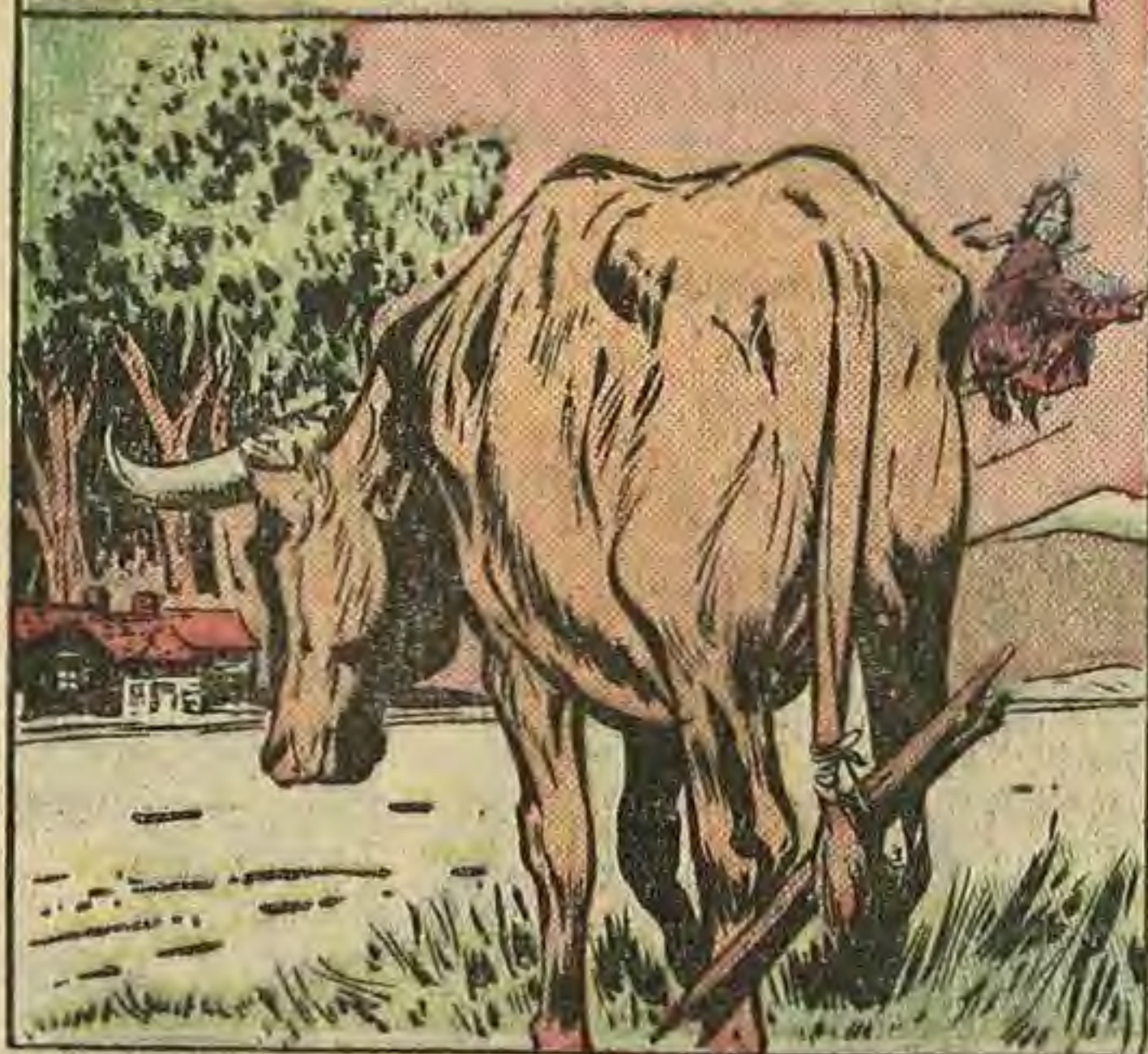
IF ANYONE WAS PLAGUED BY A WITCH IN THE OLDEN DAYS, HE WOULD HANG A BULL-LOOK'S HEART, STUCK ALL OVER WITH PINS, DOWN HIS CHIMNEY---



--- AND THIS WOULD REVERSE THE WITCH'S MAGIC, GIVING HER SUCH PAINS THAT SHE WOULD REMOVE THE SPELL AND GO EAST OVER HER VICTIM!



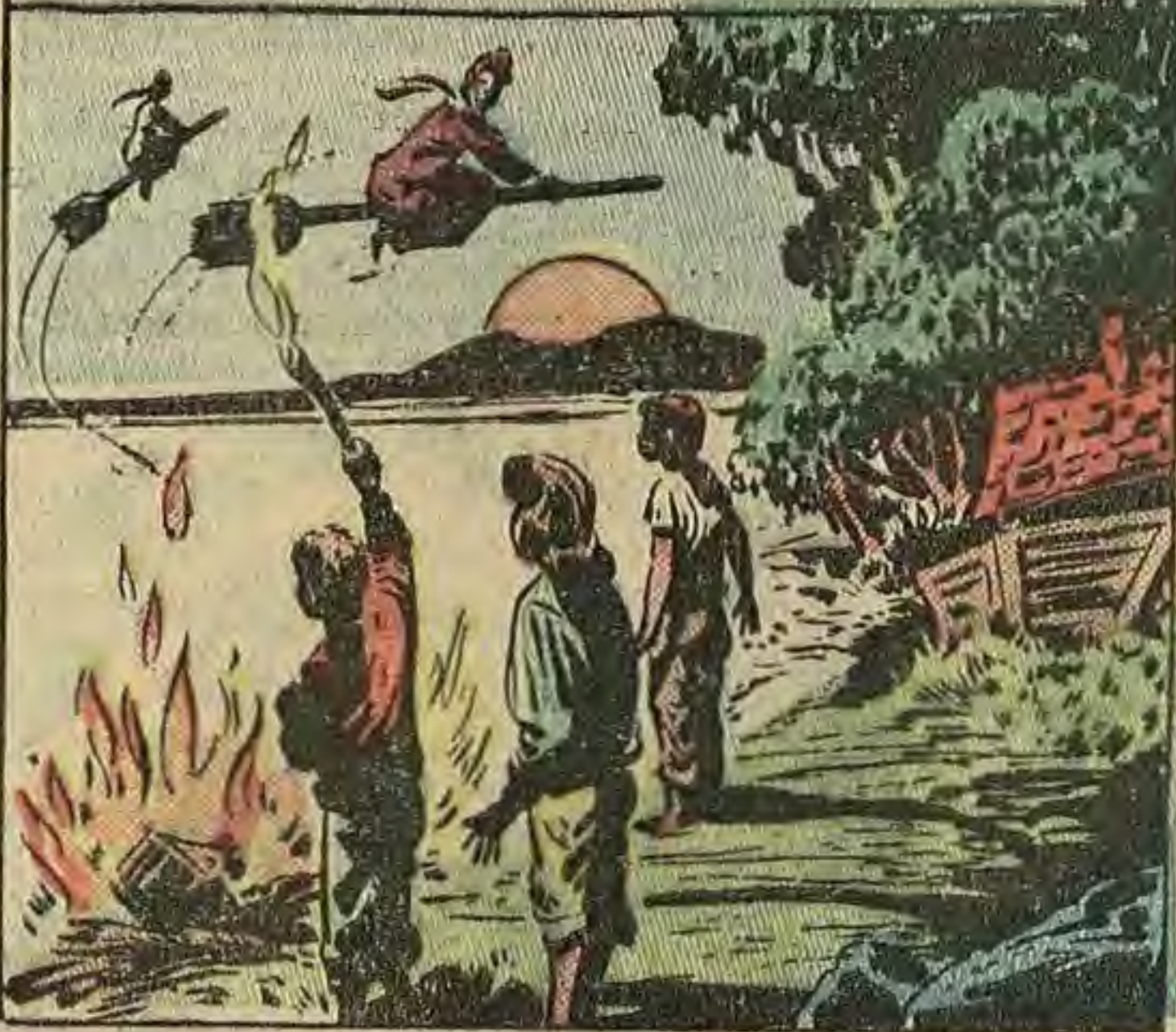
IN SCOTLAND AND THE HEBRIDES, IT IS BELIEVED THAT IF A FARMER DOESN'T TIE BRANCHES OF ROWAN WOOD AROUND THE TAILS OF HIS CATTLE WITH RED THREAD---



---THEN WITCHES WILL BE AT WORK MILKING HIS CATTLE!



IF WITCHES BEWITCHED A HOUSE OR A FIELD, A BONFIRE OF THAT SAME ROWAN WOOD---ALSO KNOWN AS MOUNTAIN ASH---WAS SAID TO DRIVE THEM AWAY AND LIFT THE SPELL!



STEEL WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ANOTHER PROTECTION AGAINST WITCHES AND THE EVIL EYE---AND IT WAS A COMMON PRACTICE TO PLACE A KNIFE OR A PIECE OF IRON UNDER THE DOORSTEP OF A HOUSE TO KEEP WITCHES AT BAY!



OR, WHENEVER A HORSE AND WAGON PASSED THE COTTAGE OF A KNOWN OR SUSPECTED WITCH, ONE OF THE RIDERS WOULD PLACE THE BLADE OF HIS POCKET KNIFE AGAINST THE IRON TIRE OF THE WAGON WHEEL---



---AND THE WITCH WOULD SCREAM IN AGONY AND BE POWERLESS TO DO ANY HARM!

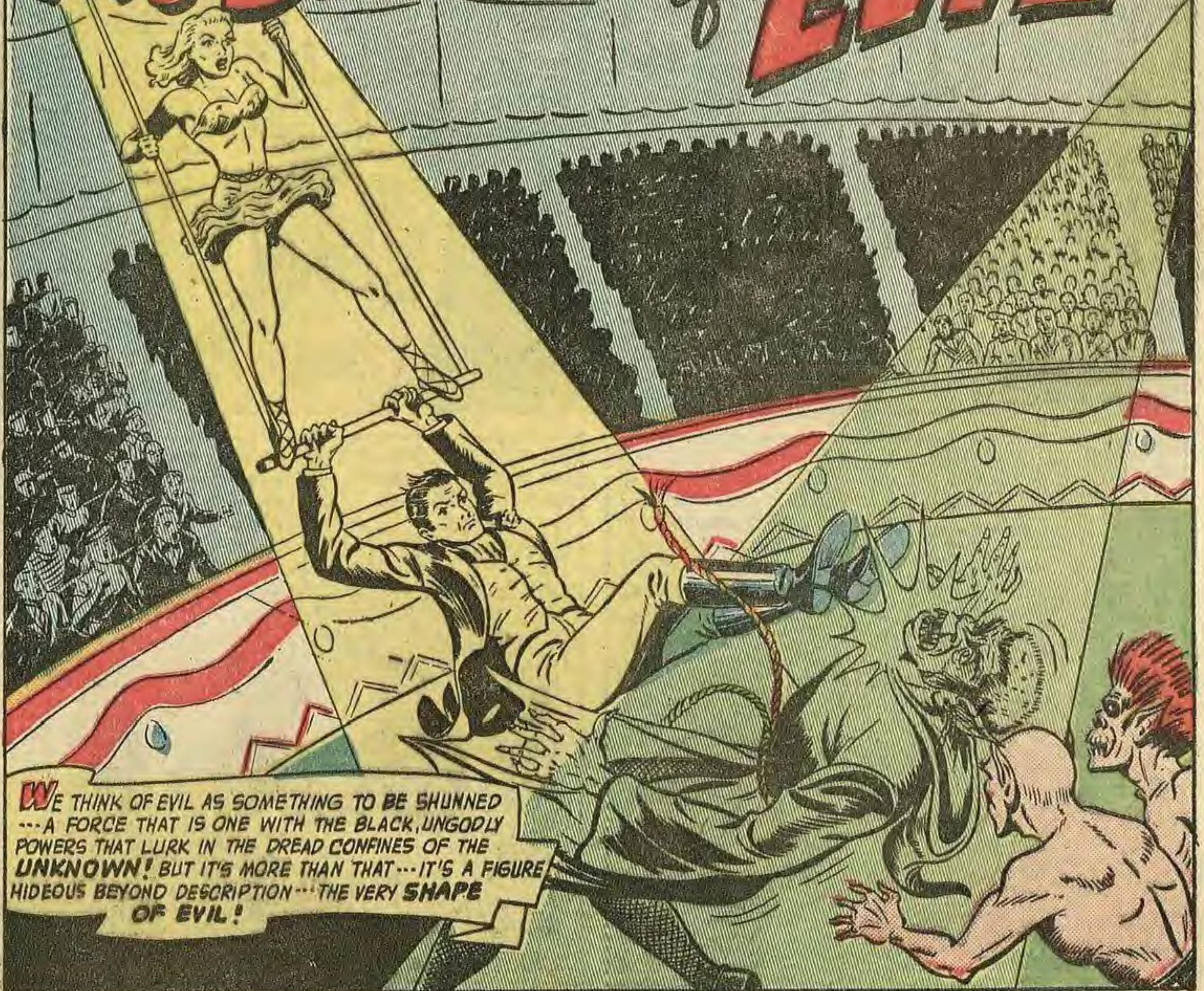


AND IF YOU'RE EVER BEWITCHED, READER, YOU MIGHT TRY THIS FORMULA PRINTED IN AN ANCIENT BOOK ON DEMONOLOGY---

Bear's grease, 8 ounces;
capon's grease, 24 ounces;
three trunks of the mistle-
toe, of hazel while green
--- cut it in pieces and pound
it small till it becomes
moist. Mix it all up in a phial,
and expose to the sun for 9
weeks, where with if you
anoint the body of the be-
witched, the spell will
instantly be lifted!

IF THE FORMULA WORKS, THEN YOU'LL HAVE DELVED INTO THE UNKNOWN MYSTERIES OF THE OCCULT!

The SHAPE of EVIL



WE THINK OF EVIL AS SOMETHING TO BE SHUNNED ---A FORCE THAT IS ONE WITH THE BLACK, UNGODLY POWERS THAT LURK IN THE DREAD CONFINES OF THE **UNKNOWN!** BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT---IT'S A FIGURE HIDEOUS BEYOND DESCRIPTION---THE VERY **SHAPE OF EVIL!**

ONE NIGHT... AS CIRCUS WAGONS RUMBLE ACROSS A LARGE LOT---

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT, DON? EVERYTHING'S GOING SMOOTHLY ---WE'RE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE FOR TOMORROW NIGHT'S OPENING PERFORMANCE!

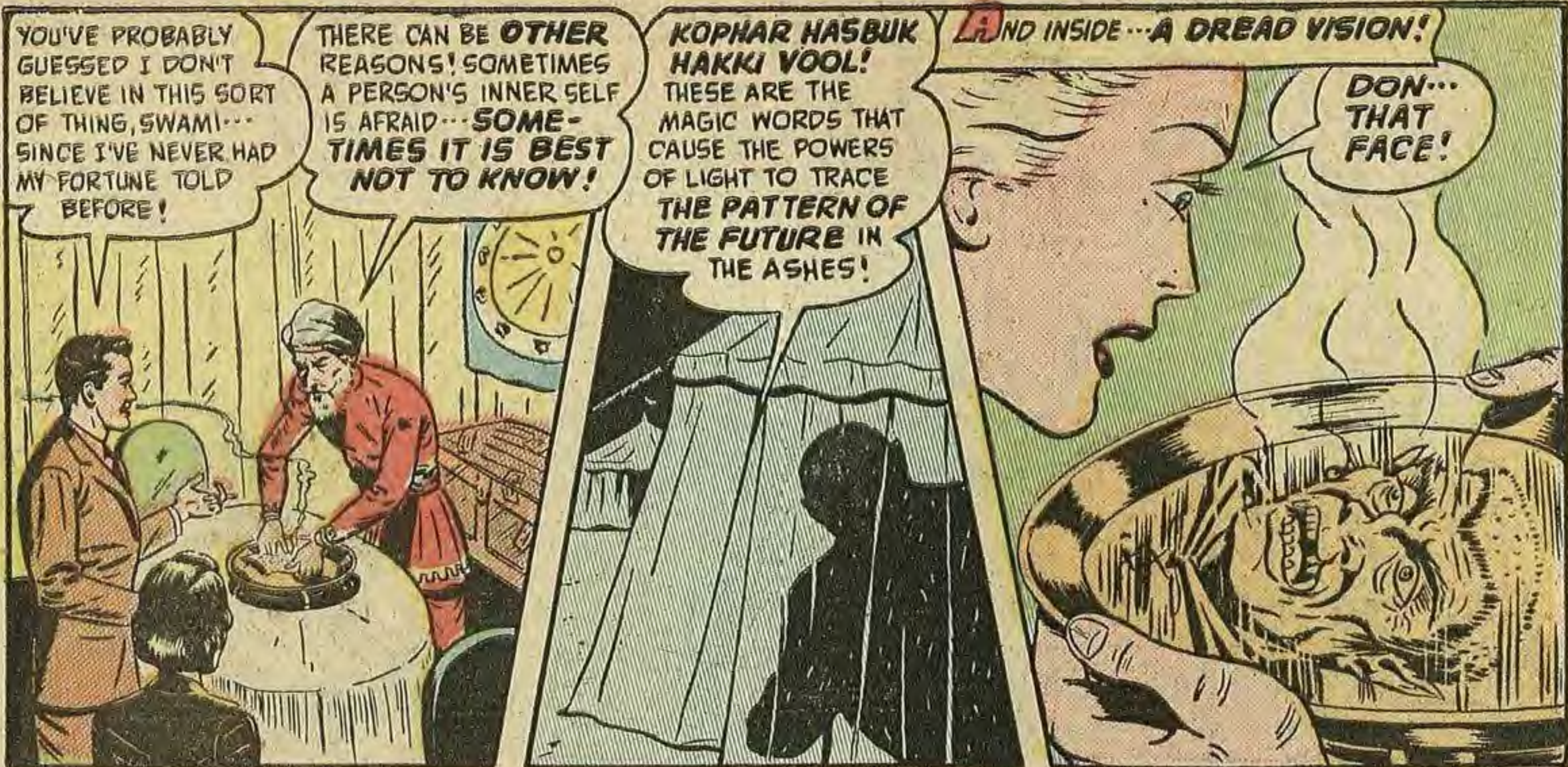
YEP---AND I DREAD IT! I HATE TO SEE YOU RISK YOUR LIFE ON THE HIGH WIRE, ARLENE ---NIGHT AFTER NIGHT! YET **YOU'RE** MY ONLY TOP-RANKING PERFORMER AND **CUMMINGS COLOSSAL CIRCUS** IS BARELY MAKING ENDS MEET!



ONCE IN A LIFETIME, A CIRCUS OWNER FINDS A UNIQUE ATTRACTION THAT DRAWS CAPACITY CROWDS ---BUT I'VE GIVEN UP HOPING IT'LL EVER HAPPEN TO **ME!**

THERE'S NO USE BROODING ABOUT THE FUTURE, DARLING! YOU PAY **SWAMI SEERUTI** TO TELL FORTUNES FOR THE TICKET HOLDERS ---WHY NOT SEE WHAT'S IN STORE FOR **YOURSELF?**





YOU'VE PROBABLY GUESSED I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS SORT OF THING, SWAMI... SINCE I'VE NEVER HAD MY FORTUNE TOLD BEFORE!

THERE CAN BE **OTHER** REASONS! SOMETIMES A PERSON'S INNER SELF IS AFRAID... **SOME-TIMES IT IS BEST NOT TO KNOW!**

KOPHAR HASBUK HAKKI VOOL! THESE ARE THE MAGIC WORDS THAT CAUSE THE POWERS OF LIGHT TO TRACE THE PATTERN OF THE FUTURE IN THE ASHES!

AND INSIDE... A DREAD VISION!

DON... THAT FACE!



YE GODS! NOTHING **THAT** REALISTIC CAN BE DUE TO MERE ACCIDENT OR TRICK-ERY... **IT'S LIKE A PORTRAIT OF EVIL!**

YES...AND IT IS LURKING **HERE!** BEWARE, MY FRIEND...IT IS STRONG...**IT WILL CLAIM VICTIMS!**



BUT IF EVIL HAS BOTH SHAPE AND APPEARANCE...WHERE IS IT? WHY CAN'T IT BE **SEEN?**

BECAUSE IT PROWLs BETWEEN SHADOW AND DARKNESS... BECAUSE MIDNIGHT IS ITS HIDING PLACE! BUT WHEN IT COMES **THIS CLOSE**, IT SHOULD BE SEARCHED OUT...**BEFORE IT STRIKES!**



UNEXPECTEDLY...

GREAT GUNS! IT MUST BE A HOMICIDAL CRIMINAL...BUT **HE'S DIS-APPEARED!**

I HATE TO SAY THIS, SWAMI... BUT IT'S A FATAL WOUND! I-- I PROMISE WE'LL HUNT DOWN THAT MADMAN!

YOU MUST NOT--TELL THE POLICE! THIS KIND OF TROUBLE MAY KEEP PEOPLE AWAY--CLOSE THE CIRCUS! WHY SHOULD MY DEATH CAUSE THAT? PROMISE INSTEAD THAT YOU'LL HAVE FAITH IN THE POWER OF JUSTICE... AND BURY ME SECRETLY!

KOPHAR HASBUK HAKKI WOOL...AS IT WAS WRITTEN, SO SHALL IT BE! EVIL CAN STRIKE, BUT NEVER CONQUER...EVIL WILL RECEIVE ITS DUE!

AS THE SWAMI'S LAST WORDS FADE OFF...

A HARMLESS OLD MAN... AND HE HAD TO BE THE VICTIM HE FORESAW! I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL FATE CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDERER, ARLENE... I'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE POLICE!

DON...YOU PROMISED THE SWAMI YOU WOULDN'T! I WANT TO SEE THE KILLER CAUGHT, TOO, AND I KNOW HE WILL BE...IF YOU FOLLOW THE SWAMI'S DYING WISH!

O.K., HONEY...WE'LL DO IT HIS WAY! WE'LL OPEN TOMORROW NIGHT, AS THE SWAMI WOULD HAVE WANTED...AND MEANWHILE, I'LL HOPE FOR SOME MIRACLE TO PRODUCE AN ATTRACTION THAT CAN TAKE HIS PLACE!

DARLING, I KNOW CIRCUS PEOPLE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SUPERSTITIOUS...AND A MURDER BEFORE THE FIRST PERFORMANCE IS A SURE SIGN OF HORRIBLE BAD LUCK... BUT WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THAT JINX!

LATER THAT NIGHT...WHEN EVEN THE RESTLESS BIG CATS LIE GPRAWLED IN THEIR CAGES...

ARLENE MILFORD HIGH CIRCUS ARTISTE

WHEN, ROUSED BY A TERROR STRONG ENOUGH TO STAB THROUGH SLEEP...

WHAT KIND OF HIDEOUS THING ARE YOU? HELP!

GREAT GUNS! ARLENE'S IN TROUBLE...AND I'M THE BOY TO HANDLE IT!

ACHILLES THE STRONG MAN

DON'T BE AFRAID, ARLENE...I'LL HEAVE THIS CHARACTER SO FAR HE'LL SPROUT A BEARD BEFORE HE LANDS!

IN A FLASH, THE GRIM INTRUDER TWISTS AROUND... AND UNEXPECTEDLY...



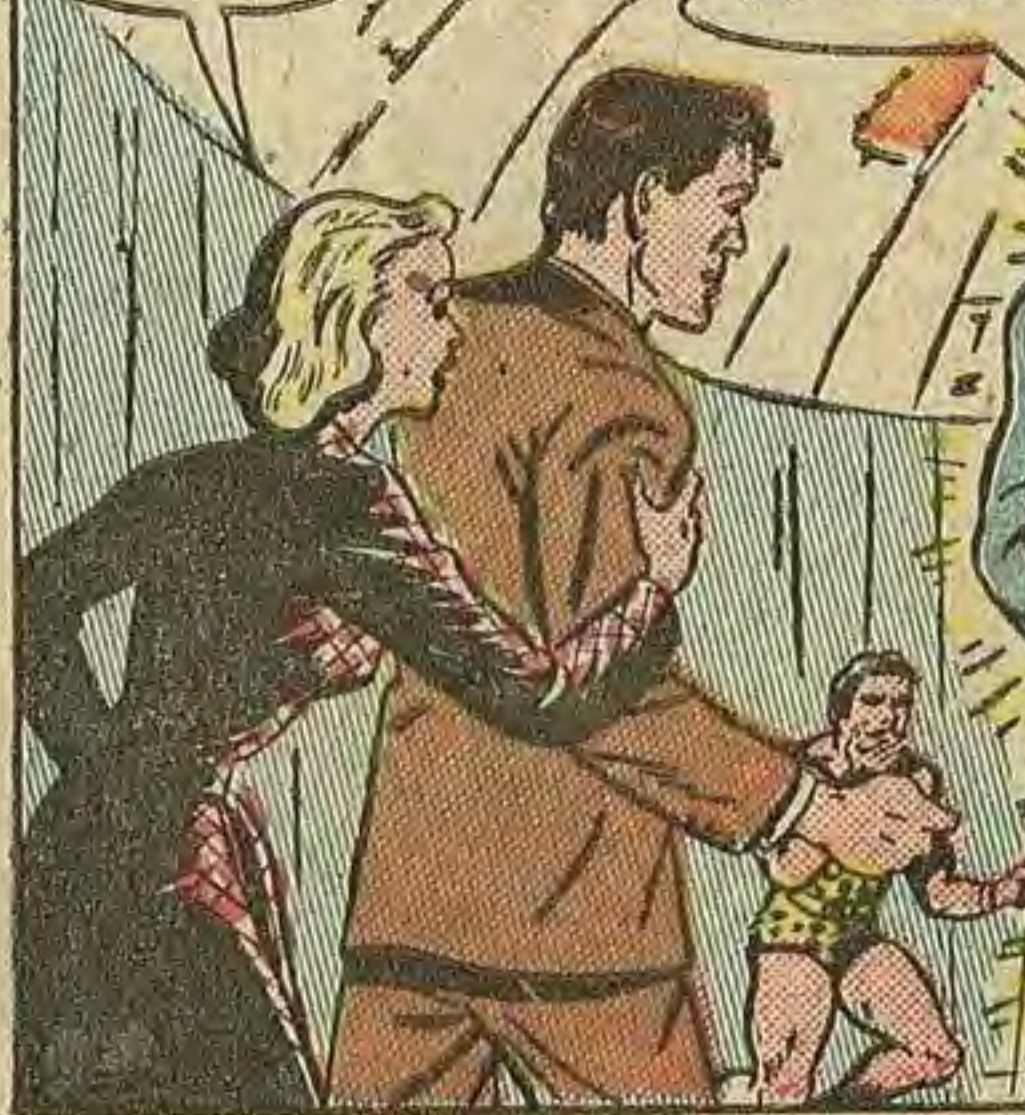
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE...



...BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL START WITH THAT MASK!



DON---WAIT! HAVEN'T WE HAD **ENOUGH** TROUBLE TONIGHT?



CALM DOWN---BEFORE I GET ANGRY! AFTER ALL, ISN'T IT **NATURAL** TO WANDER INTO THE WRONG TENT... WHEN YOU VISIT A CIRCUS FOR THE FIRST TIME, LOOKING FOR A JOB IN THE FREAK SHOW?



NO DICE, BUD...THE LAD YOU JUST MUSCLED...**ACHILLES**...IS OUR STRONG MAN!



THAT ISN'T WHAT I'M AFTER! I'M BILLED AS **MONSTRO**...



---THE **UGLIEST** MAN ALIVE!



DON---DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE IT? IT'S THE **FACE OF EVIL**---THE **HIDEOUS** THING THAT FORETOLD THE SWAMI'S **DEATH**!



EASY, SWEETHEART---FREAKS ARE SENSITIVE PEOPLE!





WELL?

O.K., MONSTRO...
YOU'VE GOT A JOB!
YOU'LL FIND AN EMPTY
TENT NEAR THE SUPPLY
SHED!



SURE, THERE'S A RESEMBLANCE,
BABY... BUT TWO EXAMPLES OF
HORRIBLE UGLINESS ARE **BOUND**
TO BE SIMILAR! PEOPLE **WANT**
TO BE THRILLED AT A CIRCUS...
AND MONSTRO'LL SCARE THE DAY-
LIGHTS OUT OF THEM! **HE'LL BE**
THE SENSATION OF THE
YEAR!

STRONGER THAN ACHILLES...
WITH A FACE EVEN OLD SWAMI
SEERUTI WAS AFRAID OF!
THERE'S NO USE TRYING
TO EXPLAIN MY SUSPIC-
IONS TO DON... BUT AS
MUCH AS I FEAR MON-
STRO... **I'M GOING TO**
WATCH HIM!



The FOLLOWING NIGHT, A
LIGHTHEARTED THROG SWARMS
THROUGH THE CUMMINGS COLOS-
SAL CIRCUS... LITTLE SUSPECT-
ING THAT SOMEWHERE AMONG
THE CARNIVAL DIN, THE GAY
LIGHTS AND THE CAREFREE
ANTICS OF THE CLOWNS... THERE
LURKS THE
SHAPE OF EVIL!



AND NOW, FOLKS... JUST BEFORE
THE START OF OUR SPECTACULAR
SHOW UNDER THE BIG TOP... I
WANT TO PRESENT THE WEIRDEST
CURIOSITY THAT EVER APPEARED
IN THIS OR ANY OTHER CIRCUS
... **MONSTRO... THE**
UGLIEST
MAN ALIVE!



MONSTRO REMOVES HIS MASK... AND
FOR A SINGLE SECOND, HIS INHUMAN
GAZE SCANS THE SHUDDERING
ONLOOKERS!

GOOD LORD! YOU'VE
SEEN **PLENTY** OF FREAKS,
TOMMY... BUT I'M DRAWING
THE LINE AT **THIS**
ONE!

OH-H!



MINUTES LATER... AS THE BAND CRASHES
THROUGH THE OPENING MARCH INSIDE THE
MAIN TENT...

EVENING, SISTER!
DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU KNOW WHY
WE'RE HERE!

WHY, NO... I...
I'M AFRAID I
CAN'T GUESS!



A CONVICT ESCAPED YESTERDAY... AND HE
HEADED IN THIS DIRECTION! TELL THE
REST OF THIS CIRCUS CROWD TO
KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN! BUT IF HE
TURNS UP, SEE THAT THEY PHONE HEAD-
QUARTERS INSTEAD OF TRYING TO
GRAB HIM! HE'S A **KILLER... AND**
HE'LL BLOW HIS TOP THE
INSTANT HE THINKS HE'S
SUSPECTED!

AFTER THE POLICE LEAVE--

A KILLER! SO MONSTRO ISN'T THE ONE THEY'RE AFTER... BUT I STILL CAN'T HELP FEELING HE'S THE LURKING EVIL SWAMI SEERUTI DETECTED! I'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE BEFORE MY TRAPEZE ACT... AND I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!



HA HAA! I TOOK THIS CIRCUS JOB HOPING TO FIND SOMEONE AMONG THE SPECTATORS WHO WASN'T AFRAID OF ME... AND THEN I DISCOVER JUST THE KIND OF MAN I WANT LURKING IN THE SUPPLY SHED!



WE'VE GOT THE SAME ANGLE, MONSTRO-- BECAUSE WITH THE COPS CLOSING IN ON ME, I FIGURED A CROWDED CIRCUS MAKES A PERFECT HIDEOUT! I GOT RATTLED LAST NIGHT WHEN THAT OLD SWAMI SPOKE AS IF HE KNEW I WAS HERE... SO I PLUGGED HIM!



THE EVIL HE FORESAW WAS ME... BUT THE FACT THAT YOU CAN LOOK INTO MY FACE WITHOUT FEAR PROVES WE ARE KINDRED SPIRITS! NOW, WHAT ABOUT MY OFFER... ARE YOU READY TO JOIN MY CONCLAVE OF FIENDS FOR ALL ETERNITY?

WHY NOT? IF IT'LL MEAN KEEPING CLEAR OF THE COPS AND GETTING IN WITH SOMEONE WHO'S GOT ME SIZED UP RIGHT... WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?



MY PRICE IS SMALL... YOU MUST LOOK LIKE THE OTHERS WHO FOLLOW ME! CHANGE... DROP YOUR MORTAL DISGUISE... BECOME THE SHAPE OF EVIL THAT SEETHES INSIDE YOU!



Then... IN THE THROES OF A TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION...



IN THE NEXT SECOND...

OH! SOMETHING HUMAN... TURNING INTO THAT!



SPURRED BY PANIC, ARLENE FLÉES...

SHE LISTENED... BUT SHE'LL FIND THIS IS JUST **PART** OF THE SWAMI'S WARNING! IN A FEW MINUTES, SHE'LL KNOW WHAT THE **REST** MEANS... **DEATH!**



A MOMENT LATER...

LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, WE'VE REACHED THE HIGH POINT OF OUR SHOW... THE DARING, DEATH-DEFYING DARLING OF THE TRAPEZE... **ARLENE MILFORD!**



I CAN'T TELL DON ABOUT THAT TERRIFYING SCENE **NOW**... BECAUSE IF THE CROWD EVER GUESSED THE HORROR THAT TOOK SHAPE IN MONSTRO'S TENT, THEY'D STAMPEDE! I'VE GOT TO WAIT... **UNTIL I'VE FINISHED MY ACT!**



AS ARLENE SOARS ABOVE THE ARENA...

I HOPED ARLENE WOULD FORGET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SWAMI BY THE TIME THE SHOW OPENED... BUT SHE SEEMS PRETTY WORKED UP! I'D BETTER KEEP ON MY TOES!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT... STARK AND STEALTHY AS ONLY EVIL CAN BE...

HA-HA!
HOW **RIGHT** THAT SWAMI WAS!



OH-H!

GOOD LORD... SHE'S FALLING!

LOOK-- THE ROPE!



THEN... BEFORE THE SHRIEKS OF THE SPECTATORS REACH THEIR CRESCENDO...

GOT HER!





MINUTES LATER...HEMMED IN BY THE HIDEOUS HORDE...

HA-HA! HAVE YOU ANY DOUBT ABOUT THE POWER OF EVIL NOW?

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MONSTRO... WHY'D YOU PICK ON ME?



CAN'T YOU GUESS? I COULDN'T GO AROUND **OPENLY LOOKING FOR ADDITIONS TO MY EVIL CONCLAVE...A FACE LIKE MINE, CROPPING UP AT MIDNIGHT WITHOUT REASON, WOULD SOON WARN PEOPLE THAT THE **POWER OF DARKNESS** WAS ABROAD!**

I GET IT! THAT'S WHY YOU CHOSE THE ONE PLACE WHERE IT WOULD BE **NATURAL TO FIND YOUR HIDEOUS COUNTEenance...A **CIRCUS FREAK SHOW!****



DON'T BE AFRAID, HONEY! MONSTRO MAY BE ABLE TO CLAIM HUMANS WHO HAVE GIVEN THEMSELVES OVER TO EVIL...BUT **WE'RE NOT IN THAT CLASS!**

MAYBE NOT! BUT ONCE YOU'RE **DEAD, WHO KNOWS WHAT YOUR **SPIRITS** WILL BE LIKE... **WHEN I HAVE FORCED THEM TO OBEY ME?****



AS THE JABBERING FIENDS DRAW CLOSER...

IT'S NO USE TRYING TO BATTLE THEM, ACHILLES! SWAMI GEERUTI'S LAST WORDS WERE THAT **EVIL WILL RECEIVE ITS DUE! BUT UNLESS IT HAPPENS PRONTO... **WE'RE LOST!****

YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING **ELSE THE SWAMI SAID, DON...THOSE MAGIC WORDS THAT WARNED US OF THE PRESENCE OF EVIL! **KOPHAR HASBUK HAKKI VOOL!****



IN THE NEXT INSTANT... DON...LOOK! IT'S THE SWAMI...HE'S BEEN SUMMONED FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD!****

DO YOU THINK A MERE GHOST CAN OUTFACE **ME? WHAT CAN IT PIT AGAINST THE **POWER OF EVIL?****



THE ONE THING BY WHICH THE HUMAN RACE SURVIVES, FIEND...THE **POWER OF GOOD!**

YAAAGH!

CRRRAK!



A MOMENT LATER...WITH ONLY THE FAINT TANG OF SULPHUR MARKING WHERE EVIL HAD STALKED...

IT'S TOO MUCH TO HOPE THAT WE'VE GOTTEN RID OF EVIL **FOREVER, DON...BUT AT LEAST THOSE FIENDS WERE DESTROYED...AND THE SWAMI'S MURDERER AMONG THEM!**

THE WORLD'S A BETTER PLACE FOR IT, BABY! IT'S LIKE A SHINING OMEN FOR THE FUTURE...AND SOMETHING TELLS ME IT MARKS A TURNING POINT FOR THE CUMMINGS COLOSSAL CIRCUS! WITH YOU AND ME AT THE HELM, WE'RE GOING TO PACK 'EM IN...AND IT **WON'T BE BECAUSE WE'RE BILLING THE **UGLIEST MAN ALIVE!****

THE END!

"True" GHOSTS of HISTORY

THE FRENZIED SISTERS

ANCIENT HAGG HOUSE IN DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND, STILL STANDS AS A GRIM MONUMENT TO THE TWO HORRIBLE SISTERS WHOSE GHOSTS CONTINUE TO ROAM THE BARONIAL HALLS IN A GRISLY REENACTMENT OF THEIR MUTUAL MURDERS!



ISABEAU AND MARGOT DE FRENCHVILLE, KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE "FRENZIES", WERE AS DEMENTED AS THEY WERE UGLY -- AND UNABLE TO ATTRACT ANY HUSBANDS, THEY WERE FORCED TO VENT THEIR INSANE RAGES UPON ONE ANOTHER IN CONSTANT SHRIEKING BATTLES!



FINALLY, ON DECEMBER 10TH, 1685, THE TWO MADDENED, HATE-RIDDEN SISTERS BEGAN THEIR BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN HAGG HOUSE!



BLINDED WITH BLOOD AND RAGE, THEY BATTLED WITH TOOTH AND NAIL FOR OVER HALF AN HOUR--AND THEN...



THEY PERISHED ON THE STONE-FLAGGED FLOOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS-- BUT IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, THE FOLJAMBES AND TRIMPTONS, WHO NEXT OCCUPIED HAGG HOUSE, PERIODICALLY WITNESSED A REENACTMENT OF THE TERRIBLE BATTLE!

MAY THE SAINTS PRESERVE US-- IT'S THE GHOSTS OF THE FRENZIES!



SUCCESSING TENANTS OF THE HAUNTED HALL WOULD SEE THE SAME INCREDIBLE SIGHT -- AND EVEN TO THIS DAY, IT IS SAID THAT THE GHOSTS OF THE FRENZIED SISTERS CAN BE SEEN HURTLING DOWN THE STAIRS -- ONLY TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE LOWER HALL AFTER THEIR DYING SHRIEKS HAVE FADED AWAY!



THE END 1

For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
OF HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
 Read **AMERICAN!**



BOYS! GIRLS!
HURRY! GET YOUR BEAUTIFUL

U.S. MILITARY RING and BRACELET!



WITH YOUR CHOICE OF
 OFFICIAL MILITARY INSIGNIA!

SO EASY TO GET!

They're real beauties! Finished in shiny nickel that won't tarnish! Wear the official insignia of your brother, relative, friend, sweetheart in service. Be the envy of your neighborhood! Send to Smith Brothers, Box 560, Providence, R. I.



BRACELET ONLY 20¢
RING ONLY 20¢
BOTH FOR ONLY 35¢

AND ONE SMITH BROTHERS BOX FRONT FOR EACH ITEM ORDERED

I am enclosing 20¢ ☐ 35¢ ☐ and the front cover of one ☐ two ☐ Smith Brothers box(es), any flavor, for which please send me RING ☐ BRACELET ☐ BOTH ☐

Indicate wrist size for BRACELET: REGULAR ☐ LARGE ☐ CHOICE OF INSIGNIA: ARMY ☐ NAVY ☐ AIR FORCE ☐ MARINE CORPS ☐ Send to Smith Bros., Box 560, Providence, R. I.

NAME _____
 (please print with pen)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



AND THE
 BEST-TASTING COUGH
 DROPS, TOO!

Vicious

CIRCLE

THE ELEGANT COUNT di Montefeltro got out of the limousine and waved *auf weidersehen* to his fiancée. He would see her tonight, he knew, to arrange the last details of the wedding. Chuckling, the Count turned to Pieta's jewelry shop, pausing only to be certain his wallet was still in his pocket.

Yes, it was there. The Count could do the handsome thing now. That was why he had come to Pieta's. After all, soon he would come into his fiancée's money. It was diplomatic...nay, a stroke of *genius* to present her with a rare jewel that would proclaim to all his unconcern for money.

The Count sighed. He had scraped up every last bit of cash.

Inside, the familiar salesman nodded deferentially. He took a small wooden box from the big, open safe, placed it on one of the small plush-covered tables and lit the big electric light above it.

The ring he extracted from the box glittered gold and platinum. It flashed with rubies.

"Ah!" The Count showed his satisfaction as he seated himself. "Beautiful. Beautiful!" He reached for the ring.

The salesman reluctantly drew back the box.

"I am sorry, Count, but Signor Pieta has insisted...well, after all, this is the famous poison ring of Lucrezia Borgia! You must be prepared to pay in cash!"

"I have the money," the count said, suavely. He threw the pile of notes on the table.

Still the salesman hesitated to hand him the box.

"You will excuse me, Count," he began obsequiously. "Signor Pieta bade me acquaint you with the ring's

history. It carries a *curse* against your own family...the Montefeltros!"

"I know, I know," the Count said, annoyed, taking the ring. "One of my ancestors sent the ring to Lucrezia Borgia in revenge for her poisoning a kinsman of his. Lucrezia detected the ring's hollow poison-filled needle in time. She swore to wipe out the di Montefeltro family if she had to do it from *beyond the grave*. Rubbish!" the Count exclaimed. "Superstition! The ring belongs to the di Montefeltros. And I am here to buy it back!"

He examined the great ring.

"You will notice, Signor," he said, "that the needle mechanism hidden in the cap of the ring has been removed, and..." he snapped back the hinged top, "...the poison compartment is empty! It is harmless. The ring returns to the last of the di Montefeltros!"

Swiftly the Count slipped the ring on the middle finger of his right hand. He examined it carefully under the light. The ring sparkled and glowed in matchless colors.

"You see," he began triumphantly, "the story is nonsense, a mere fiction, a figment of..."

The Count's face twisted as with a bee sting. Then he stiffened; his eyes grew cold, numb. Slowly he crumpled to the floor.

"Count! Count Montefeltro!" the salesman gasped. He raced around the table, tore the ring from the Count's finger. On the finger, above a tiny puncture, glittered a ruby drop of blood. His heart pounding, he held the ring to the light. No. Nothing. No pin. No poison, but...

He drew in his breath sharply, bending to feel for a pulse.

The Count was quite dead.

The BURIED

BRAIN



YOU SEE...DR. DUNDEA LEFT A WILL! I HAVEN'T SEEN IT, BECAUSE IT'S A SECRET DAD HAD PROMISED TO SHARE WITH NO ONE...AND IT'S MADE HIM A CHANGED MAN! HE'S GROWN NERVOUS SINCE DR. DUNDEA WAS CREMATED THREE DAYS AGO...HE KEEPS LOOKING TENSELY OVER HIS SHOULDER...AND I DON'T LIKE IT!



MINUTES LATER -- TURNING INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF PATSY'S HOME --

FRED! WHAT IN HEAVEN IS THE MATTER?

YE GODS! I LOOK UP THERE... ON THE PORCH!



FOR A FLEETING INSTANT, THE YELLOW BEAM FROM THE HEADLIGHTS PICKS OUT A FORM... TOO HAZY TO BE ALIVE... TOO SINISTER TO BE HUMAN!



IT'S DRIFTED INSIDE... BUT WHAT IN BLAZES IS A THING LIKE THAT DOING HERE?

IT'S DR. DUNDEA'S GHOST! I REMEMBER HAVING MET HIM YEARS AGO... BUT THERE'S A TERRIFYING DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MAN MY FATHER INTRODUCED AS A FRIEND... AND THIS HIDEOUSLY EVIL PHANTOM!



A MOMENT LATER...

THAT'S STRANGE, PATSY! YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE DOOR IS LOCKED... FROM THE INSIDE!

BUT CERTAINLY HE HEARS US... WHY DOESN'T HE SAY SOMETHING? DAD... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



DON'T FRET YOURSELF, HONEY... WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT FAST!



DR. AMES! GOOD GOSH... WE THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

WHY... OF COURSE NOT, FRED! I... I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PREOCCUPIED!



BUT WHAT ABOUT DR. DUNDEA'S GHOST, DAD? WE SAW IT HOVER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR JUST A MOMENT AGO... AND YOU'RE THE ONE IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

THAT'S UTTER NON-SENSE, PATSY! VERY DEFINITELY... I HAVEN'T NOTICED ANYTHING UNUSUAL!





DAD, I **KNOW** SOMETHING'S WRONG -- YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF! WHERE ARE YOU GOING AT THIS HOUR?

I'VE -- I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY PLEDGE TO A DEAD MAN! AND I WARN YOU BOTH -- **DON'T FOLLOW ME!**

A MOMENT LATER...



FRED, YOU **SAW** SOMETHING WHEN YOU RUSHED INTO THE OFFICE! WHAT WAS IT DAD TRIED TO CONCEAL... **THE THING HE TOOK AWAY WITH HIM?**

YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW! IT WAS CERTAINLY A STRANGE OBJECT FOR EVEN A DOCTOR TO BE CARRYING AROUND AT MIDNIGHT... **A HUMAN BRAIN!**



I DON'T UNDERSTAND **ANY** OF THIS! A GHOST... A BRAIN... AND **NOW** YOU'RE SEARCHING DAD'S DESK!

I'VE HAD A HUNCH THAT **SOMETHING** COULD PROVIDE A LOT OF ANSWERS, PATSY... AND HERE IT IS... **DR. DUNDEA'S WILL!**

GOOD HEAVENS! DR. DUNDEA STIPULATED THAT DAD SHOULD SECRETLY ARRANGE FOR THE DISPOSAL OF HIS BODY IN **TWO DIFFERENT WAYS!** "MY CORPSE IS TO BE CREMATED, EXCEPT FOR MY BRAIN... AND THAT IS TO BE BURIED IN AN ORDINARY GRAVEYARD!"



IT'S A PECULIAR WILL, BUT EVEN SO -- DR. DUNDEA DIED THREE DAYS AGO! AFTER HAVING COMPLIED WITH THE CREMATION REQUEST, WHY DIDN'T DAD GO THROUGH WITH THE REST OF IT... **AND BURY THE BRAIN?**

COULD BE HE WANTED TO STUDY THE BRAIN OF SOMEONE HE RECOGNIZED AS AN ERRATIC GENIUS... AND MAYBE THERE'S A LOT **MORE** BEHIND IT! TO BEGIN WITH, DR. DUNDEA'S GHOST PROVES HE MANAGED TO KEEP HIS REAL CHARACTER CONCEALED FROM YOUR FATHER... **A CHARACTER LADEN WITH EVIL!**



WHAT REASON WOULD THE GHOST HAVE FOR APPEARING... UNLESS IT WAS TO FRIGHTEN YOUR FATHER INTO CARRYING OUT THE TERMS OF THE WILL? IT WANTS ITS BRAIN IN THE EARTH... AND I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE ANSWER TO **THAT** IN THE FACT THAT THE LETTERS OF DUNDEA'S NAME SPELL OUT A VERY REVEALING WORD- **UNDEAD!**



NOW I'M **SURE** DAD'S INVOLVED IN SOMETHING THAT MAKES MY BLOOD RUN COLD... **WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!**

THERE MUST BE AT LEAST FIVE GRAVEYARDS WITHIN A HALF HOUR'S DRIVE FROM THE HOUSE... HE'S HAD AMPLE TIME TO BURY THE BOX... BUT IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, WE'LL DRIVE ALONG THE MAIN ROAD!



A MILE BEYOND...

I HEAR A CAR COMING,
FRED...AND THAT'S **ONE**
MOTOR I CAN RECOGNIZE!
IT'S DAD...**HE'S COMING**
BACK!

**GOOD LORD...
LOOK WHAT'S
STANDING IN
THE ROAD!**



**DR. DUNDEA'S
GHOST!**

KEEP YOUR HEAD,
PATSY...IT HASN'T
SPOTTED US!



A MOMENT LATER...

**DUNDEA...WHY ARE YOU
WAITING FOR ME? I KEPT MY
PROMISE...I BURIED YOUR BRAIN
...WHAT MORE DO YOU
WANT?**



**THEY... WITH A GLARE THAT SLASHES THE DARKNESS LIKE A
BEACON OF TERROR...**

**NO...NO! YOU'RE
BLINDING ME, DUNDEA
...I CAN'T SEE THE
ROAD...**



A S THE PHANTOM PACES OFF INTO THE NIGHT...

**DAD! HE'LL NEVER SPEAK
AGAIN... HE'LL NEVER EXPLAIN
THIS HORRIBLE PACT...
HE'S DEAD!**

PATSY, I WAS AFRAID SOME-
THING LIKE THIS WOULD
HAPPEN WHEN WE SET
OUT! DR. DUNDEA EXPECTS
SOME UNHOLY RESULTS FROM
HIS BURIED BRAIN... **AND
HE'S KILLED THE ONLY
MAN WHO KNOWS
WHERE TO FIND IT!**



BUT THE GHOST DIDN'T SEE US, FRED! IT'S HEADING DOWN THE ROAD... IN THE VERY DIRECTION FROM WHICH DAD DROVE!

I WAS RELUCTANT TO SUGGEST IT AT A TIME LIKE THIS, HONEY... BUT IF YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT... WE'LL FOLLOW THAT CREEP!



INTENT ON ITS DREAD MISSION, THE HIDEOUS SHAPE STALKS THROUGH THE GLOOM... UNAWARE OF THE CAR ROLLING SILENTLY BEHIND IT!



SOON AFTERWARD...

I **KNEW** THIS WOULD BE WHAT IT'S SEEKING, FRED... **A GRAVEYARD!**

LOOK! THE PHANTOM'S RAISING ITS ARMS... AND MUMBLING SOME KIND OF INCANTATION!



DESTROY THE BODY, BURY THE BRAIN... AND MASTER THE DEAD WITH WHOM YOU'RE LAIN!



FOR A TERRIBLE SECOND... THE GRAVEYARD HEAVES IN A SHUDDERING CONVULSION!

GOOD HEAVENS, FRED... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE GROUND... IT'S SLIDING AWAY... **UNCOVERING THE GRAVES!**



THEN... RISING ONE BY ONE FROM THE YAWNING PIT--

HA HA HA! I SPENT A LIFETIME LEARNING THE BLACK SECRETS OF THE AFTERLIFE... AND NOW THAT I'M ONE OF YOU... I CAN CONTROL THE DEAD!





FOLLOW ME, ZOMBIES! WHOEVER DIES TONIGHT, **WE** CAN CLAIM...BUT FIRST I MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE SECRET OF MY BURIED BRAIN DIED WITH DR. AMES!



A MOMENT LATER...

SOMETHING THAT CAN RAISE THE DEAD...SOMETHING THAT CAN ACTUALLY MAKE THEM PLOD OFF AS IF THEY WERE ALIVE...HOW CAN WE EVER STOP A FIEND LIKE **THAT?**

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, PATSY! **THIS** IS THE ONLY UNDISTURBED SPOT IN THE GRAVEYARD... AND YOU'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF WHILE I EXHUME WHAT IT COVERS...**THE LIVING BRAIN OF DR. DUNDEA!**



SOON AFTERWARD...

WE'VE GOT IT...BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO LEARN WHERE THE GHOST LED THOSE PACING HORRORS?

THAT'S EASY! SINCE DR. DUNDEA'S SECRET WAS SHARED BY ONLY ONE MAN...**HIS GHOST MUST BE SEARCHING YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE FOR THE WILL!**



FRED AND PATSY SPEED BACK TO HER HOME...AND THERE...

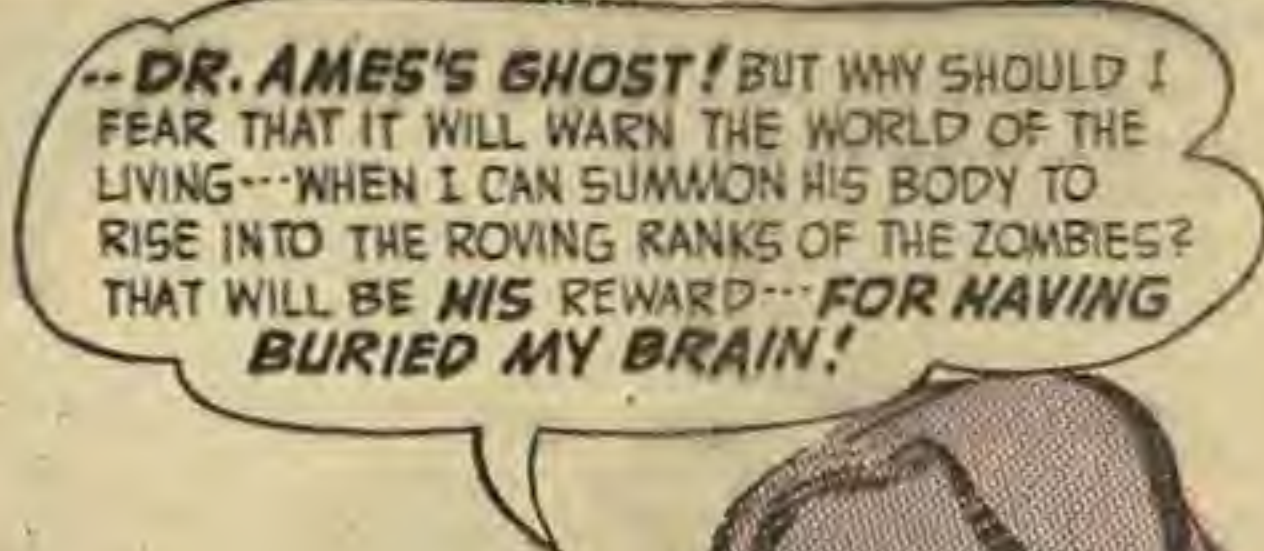
THEY'RE INSIDE, FRED...**ALL** OF THEM! I THOUGHT I'D BE BRAVE WHEN I REMEMBERED HOW DAD DIED...BUT THOSE THINGS TERRIFY ME...**I CAN'T FACE THEM!**

HONEY, THIS'LL BE OUR LAST CHANCE TO BREAK DR. DUNDEA'S HOLD ON THE WALKING DEAD...AND WE'LL HAVE TO GAMBLE ON THE METHOD! THE FIRST STEP WILL BE TO SLIP INTO THE CELLAR...WHERE YOUR FATHER KEPT HIS WORKSHOP!



MINUTES LATER...

NOW THAT I'VE DESTROYED THE ONLY COPY OF MY WILL...NO ONE WILL SUSPECT THE POWER I GAINED THROUGH DEATH! **NOW** THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER WAY THE SECRET CAN BE REVEALED...



--**DR. AMES'S GHOST!** BUT WHY SHOULD I FEAR THAT IT WILL WARN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING...WHEN I CAN SUMMON HIS BODY TO RISE INTO THE ROVING RANKS OF THE ZOMBIES? THAT WILL BE **HIS** REWARD...**FOR HAVING BURIED MY BRAIN!**



THE CITADEL OF EVIL

EVIL IS A LIVING FORCE-- A BLACK AND CLAMMY THING THAT SURVIVES THE HAPLESS HUMANS WHOSE SOULS IT HAS BLIGHTED! EVIL IS A CURSE NO GRAVE CAN HOLD-- A DARK SPIRIT RULING A SECRET CITADEL-- WITH A PRIESTESS WHOSE FACE IS THE IMAGE OF HORROR!



FOR YEARS, AMERICAN SCIENTISTS HAD TOILED TO PERFECT A PASSENGER-CARRYING SPACE ROCKET-- AND FINALLY, AS AN EVENTFUL DAWN BROKE OVER THE SOUTHWESTERN DESERT --

LOOKS LIKE JOHNNY PARKS IS READY FOR THE BIG PUSH, JOE!



WELL, MAYBE PARKS AND HIS GIRL FRIEND **WILL** GET TO THE MOON-- BUT I'M ENOUGH OF AN AIR-BOY TO WONDER HOW THEY'RE GOING TO GET **BACK!**

EASY -- ACCORDING TO PARKS! THE ROCKET'S GOT AN **AUTO-MATIC RETURN CONTROL** THAT DEVELOPS TERRIFIC POWER-- AND **THAT'S** WHAT HE'S COUNTING ON!

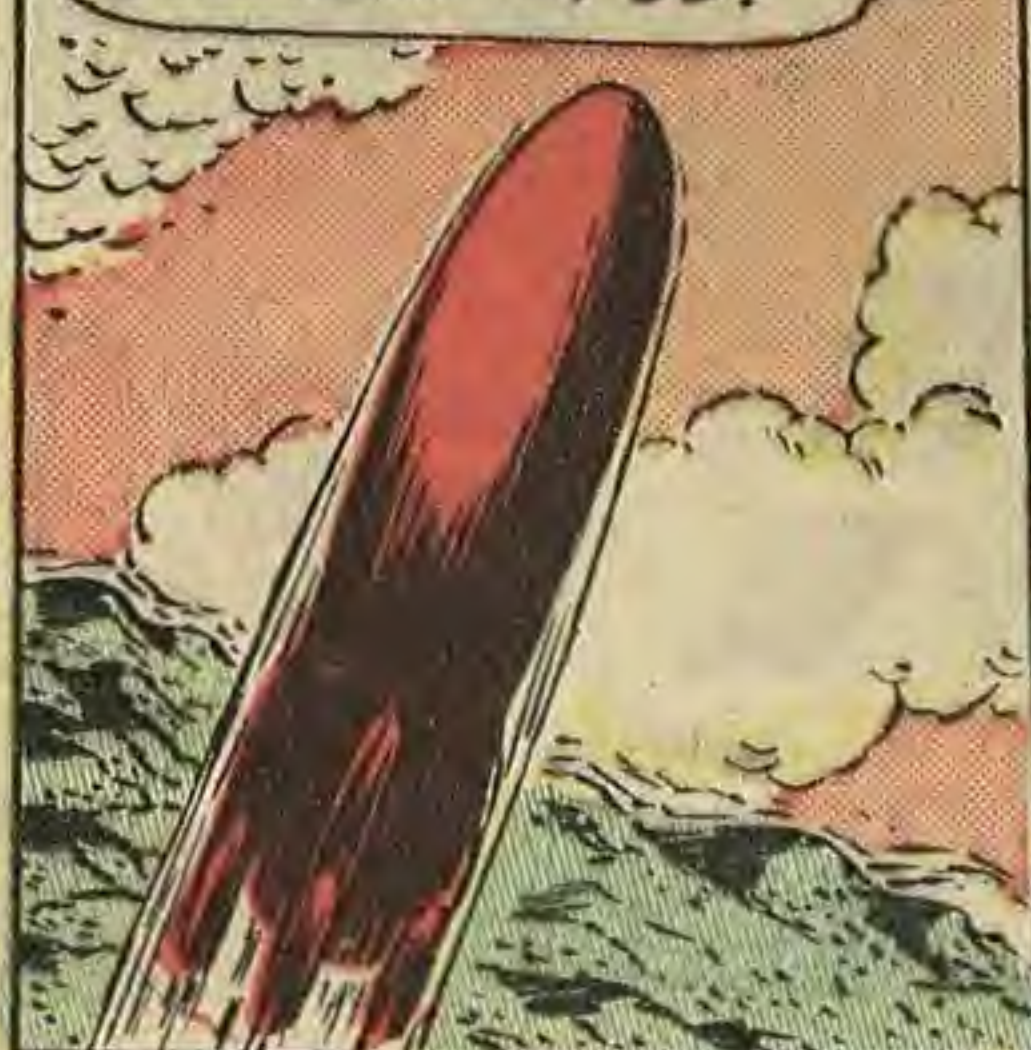


ANYWAY-- I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT IF THERE ARE GOING TO BE ANY PICTURES OF THAT ROCKET-- NOW'S THE TIME TO TAKE 'EM! THE ARMY BARRED PHOTOGRAPHERS FROM THE LAUNCHING FIELD-- BUT THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE AIR!



IN THE NEXT SECOND-- WITH A ROAR THAT JARS THE DISTANT HILLS--

GOOD LORD! DIVE-- GET OUT OF THE WAY-- IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT AT US!



THE IMPACT THAT SNUFFED OUT TWO LIVES WAS BARELY NOTICED INSIDE THE STREAKING ROCKET--



BUT-- AN INSTANT LATER--

JOHNNY-- WHAT'S HAPPENED?

RUDDER'S JAMMED! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH-- AT 3,000 MILES PER HOUR!



THE ONLOOKERS BARELY HAD TIME TO TURN-- STARING WILDLY AT THE GLEAMING STREAK WHICH FUSED THE SAND IN A FIERY SPRAY--



EARTH-- CLAY-- ROCK! ALL OF THEM CRUMPLED UNDER THE ROCKET'S CLEAVING IMPACT-- BORING DEEPER LIKE A GIGANTIC DRILL!



THEN-- A MILE BELOW THE SURFACE--



AS THE LAST THROB OF THE MOTOR
TRAILED OFF INTO DEATHLY SILENCE--

GOOD
HEAVENS,
JOHNNY--
WHERE
ARE
WE?

DEEP INSIDE THE
EARTH! I HATE TO
SAY THIS, DARLING--
BUT WE MIGHT AS
WELL RESIGN OUR-
SELVES TO **STAYING**
HERE-- BECAUSE
THE ROCKET'S
FINISHED!



A MOMENT LATER--

YE GOOS!
IT'S A CITY--
WITH
HUNDREDS
OF TOWERS!



I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! HOW COULD A
PLACE LIKE THIS
BE BUILT--
**DOWN
HERE?**

I'D HATE TO GUESS,
ELLEN! **LOOK AT
THOSE FACES!**



FOR AN INSTANT, GLITTERING EYES FLASHED
WITH A STAB OF LONGING-- AND THEN--

I AM **KLATHIA**,
THE PRIESTESS!
WELCOME-- WELCOME
TO THE **CITADEL
OF EVIL!**



EVIL! I ALWAYS
KNEW IT EXISTED--
BUT I NEVER
DREAMED IT WAS
A LIVING THING--
WITH A
STRONGHOLD!

EVER SINCE TIME BEGAN, THE
BODIES OF THE WORLD'S DEAD
HAVE CRUMBLLED IN A LEGION
OF GRAVES! THE DUST OF
THOSE WHO LIVED WELL
MINGLED WITH THE EARTH--
AND RETURNED TO THE
UNENDING CYCLE
OF LIFE!

BUT THE EARTH **REJECTED** THE LIFE
FORCES OF THOSE WHOSE SOULS WERE
BLACK! THEIR BLIGHTED SUBSTANCE
TRICKLED LOWER AND LOWER THROUGH
THE DARK CHANNELS UNDERGROUND--
AND GAINED NEW LIFE **HERE--
IN THE CITADEL OF EVIL!**



OFFHAND-- I CAN THINK OF TWO THINGS THAT DON'T INTEREST ME, KLATHIA! ONE OF THEM IS **EVIL**-- AND THE OTHER ONE IS **YOU**!

YOU LOVE THIS GIRL-- BUT THE **CHAMBER OF FLAME** HOLDS THE ANSWER TO **THAT**! ITS WHITE-HOT ENERGY CONVERTS THE SUBSTANCE OF EVIL INTO THE PEOPLE WHO INHABIT MY CITADEL-- WHAT WILL IT DO TO HER?

IF YOU CANNOT CARE FOR ME AS I AM-- THE **CHAMBER OF FLAME** WILL GIVE ME A FORM YOU DO ADORE-- **HERS**!

STOP-- LET ME GO!



KLATHIA-- I'M THE ONE WHO OFFENDED YOU! WHY PUNISH **HER**?

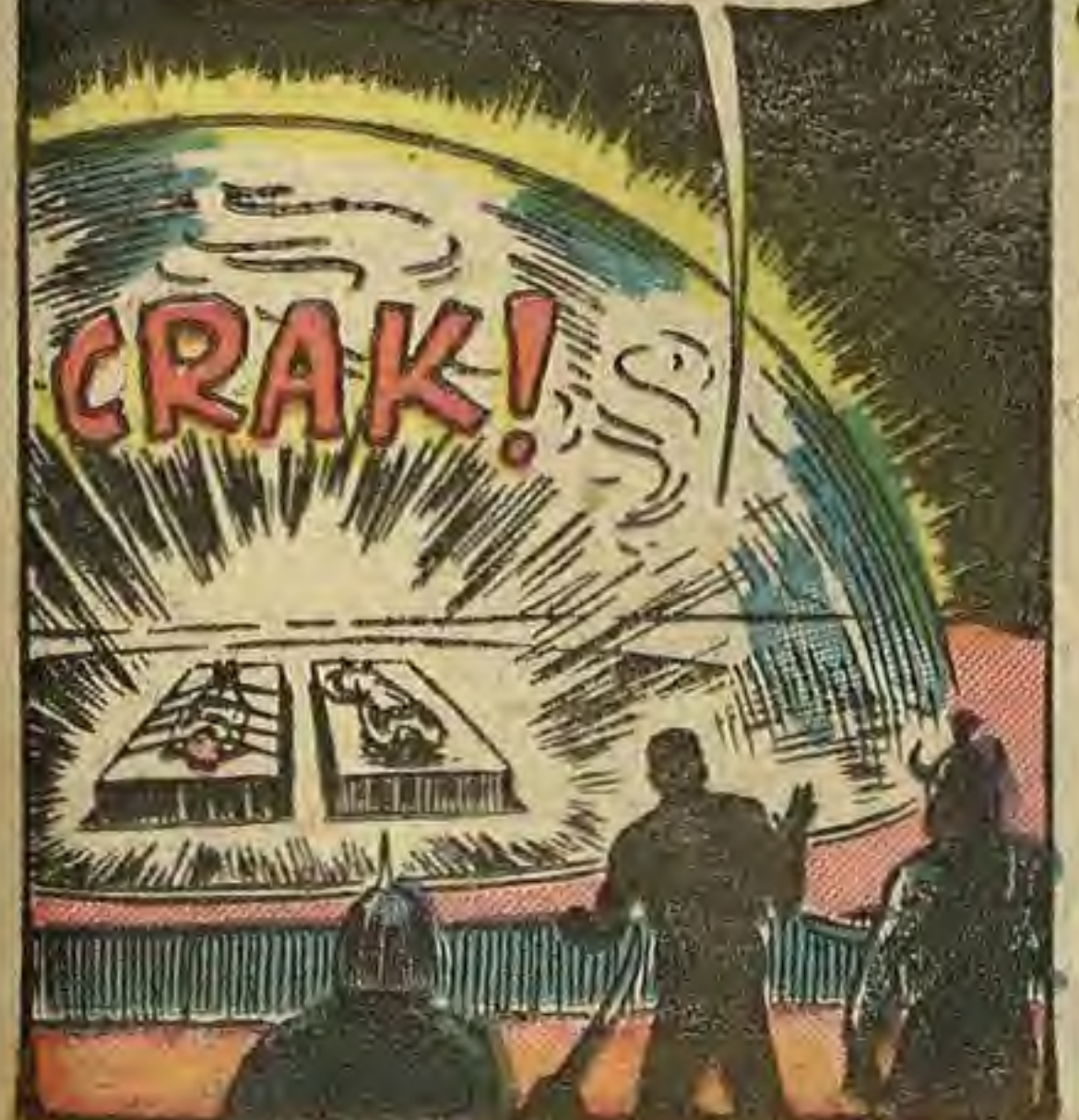
HA! WHEN YOU SEE THE RESULT-- YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU WERE SPARED!



THEN-- WITH THE GRATING OF A MASSIVE LEVER--



A SPLIT SECOND LATER--
YE GODS! IT'S LIKE BEING CREMATED ALIVE!



FOR A VIVID INSTANT-- THE WRITHING FORMS OF ELLEN AND KLATHIA SEEMED TO MERGE--





IT IS DONE!
RELEASE
KLATHIA--
KLATHIA THE
TRANSFORMED--
**KLATHIA THE
BEAUTIFUL!**

I OBEY,
MIGHTY
HORKO!



THEN, AS A SINGLE
SLAB RISES--

IT IS
KLATHIA--
BUT GOOD
LORD--
**SHE'S
GOT
ELLEN'S
FACE!**



YES, NOW IT IS
HER FACE YOU
SEE-- HER
ARMS THAT
ENCIRCLE YOU!
NOW YOU CANNOT
HELP LOVING
KLATHIA!

AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE
TO ELLEN? SURE, YOU'VE
TAKEN ON HER OUTWARD
APPEARANCE-- BUT YOU'RE
STILL NOTHING BUT AN
EVIL-RIDDEN
CREEP TO ME!



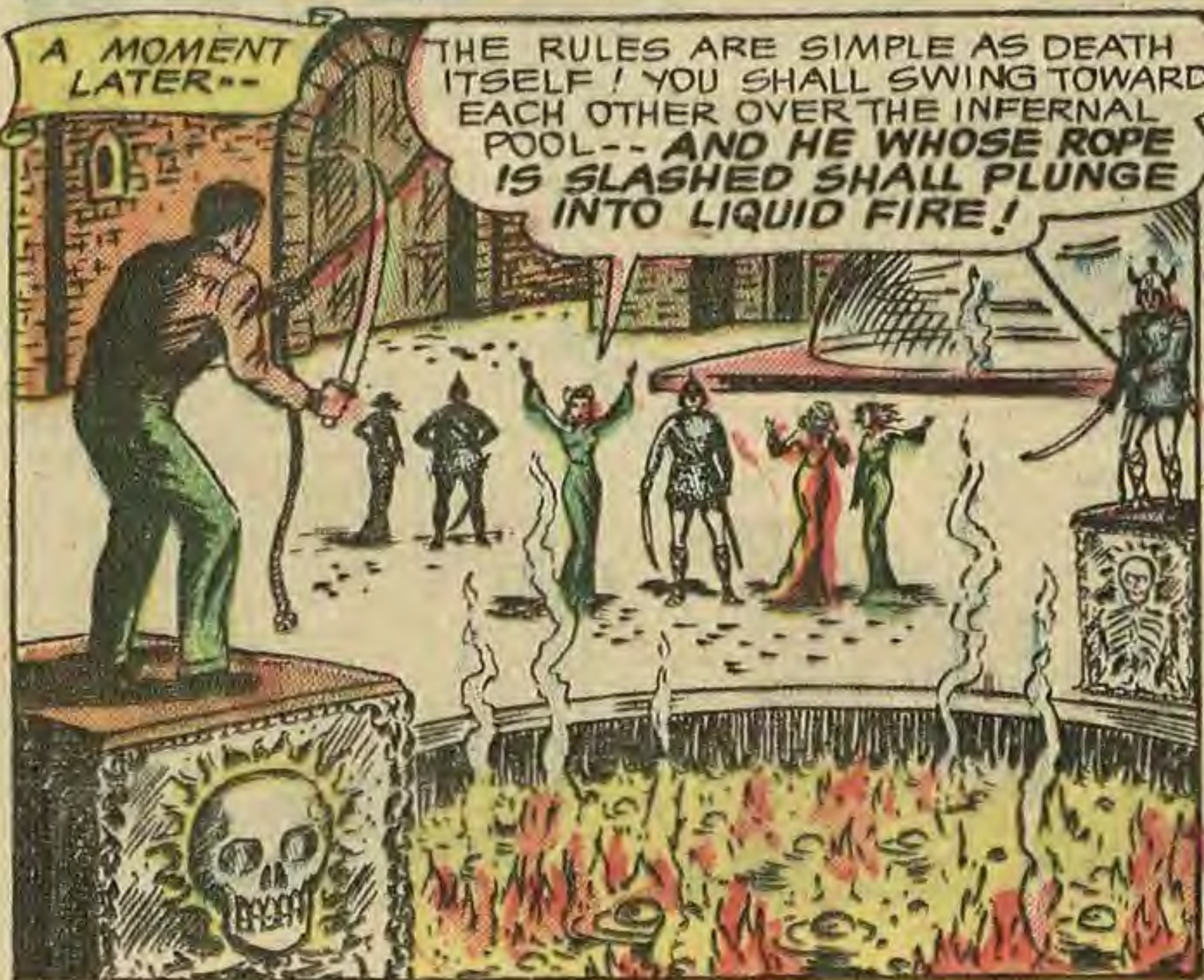
**DOG! I AM HORKO, CHIEF
GUARD OF THE TEMPLE OF
EVIL-- AND WHOEVER
REPULSES KLATHIA IN
MY PRESENCE DIES!**

LET ME AVENGE THE
EVIL INSULT, PRIESTESS!
LET ME MEET THIS
UPSTART IN THE WAY
I HAVE SENT SCORES
OF OTHERS TO THEIR
DOOM-- **IN A DUEL
OVER THE
INFERNAL
POOL!**

WAK!



HIDEOUS HANDMAIDENS OF THE
TEMPLE-- **GATHER AROUND!**
BOTH ARE BRAVE-- BOTH ARE
STRONG-- AND ONE OF
THEM SHALL PERISH!



**A MOMENT
LATER--**

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE AS DEATH
ITSELF! YOU SHALL SWING TOWARD
EACH OTHER OVER THE INFERNAL
POOL-- AND HE WHOSE ROPE
IS SLASHED SHALL PLUNGE
INTO LIQUID FIRE!



HORKO'S AN OLD HAND
AT THIS-- AND IF I'M
GOING TO ESCAPE
BEING PARBOILED,
I'LL HAVE TO OUT-
SMART HIM!
NOBODY'S NOTICED
IT-- BUT I'VE
GIVEN MY ROPE
A FEW TIGHT
TWISTS!

**I AM WAITING!
HOLD YOUR
SWORDS READY--
AND
LEAP!**

FOR A SECOND-- JOHNNY'S MOMENTUM CARRIED HIM TOWARD HORKO'S FIRST HISSING SLASH--

HORKO HAS MISSED!

WATCH-- WATCH! ON THE NEXT SWOOP-- THE STRANGER DIES!



THEN-- WITH HORKO'S BLADE RAISED--

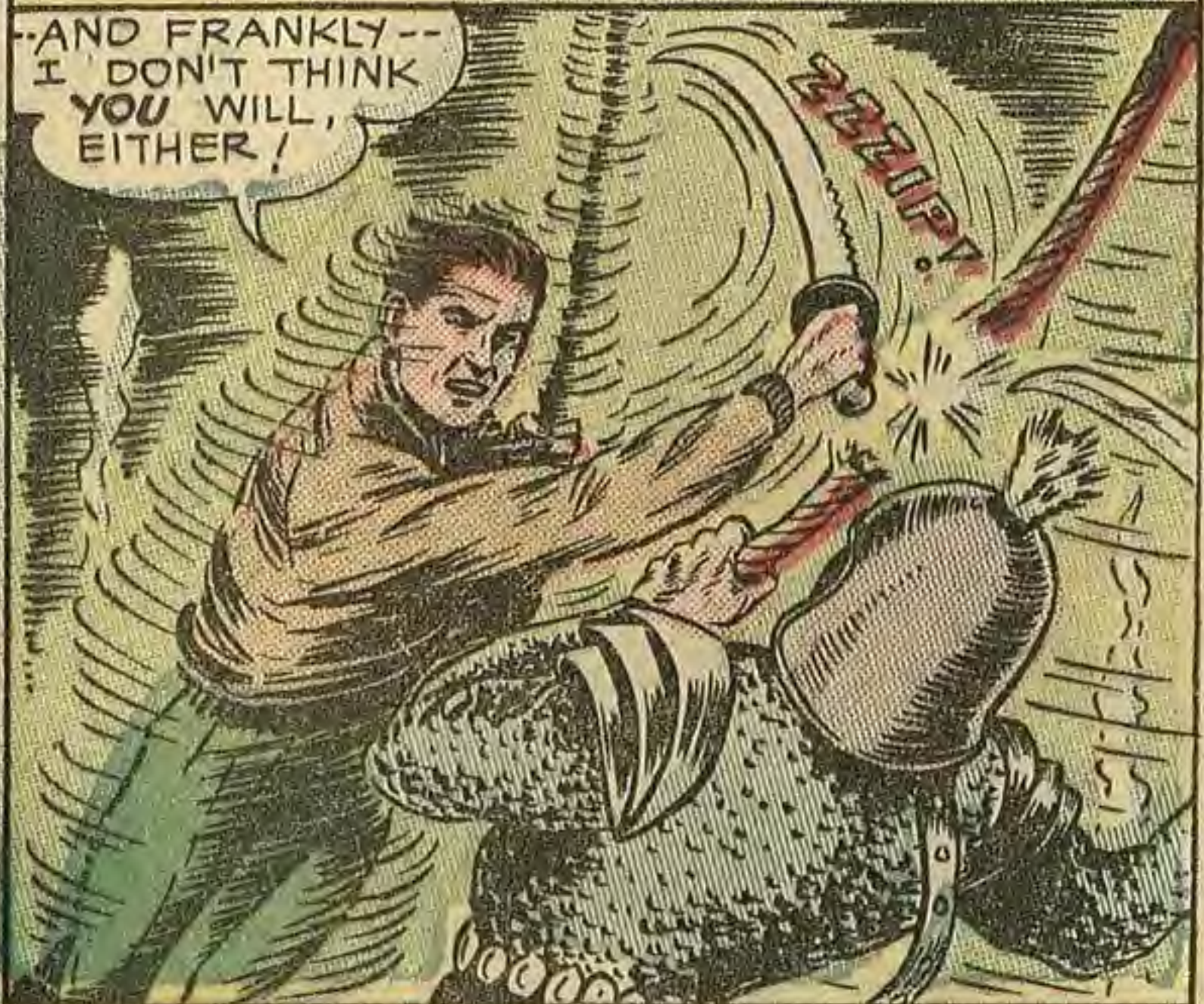
DOG--WHAT MANNER OF TRICK IS THIS? YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO SWING-- NOT SPIN!

SORRY, CHUM-- I DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT THE RULE BOOK!



UNCHECKED-- HORKO SWEEPED TOWARD THE WHIRLING SWORD--

AND FRANKLY-- I DON'T THINK YOU WILL, EITHER!



HE HAS CONQUERED HORKO!

LET US PAY HOMAGE TO THE MIGHTY ONE -- WITH OUR ARMS-- WITH OUR LIPS!



SUDDENLY--

GREAT GUNS! NO ONE ELSE SEEMS TO HEAR THAT FAINT, HUMMING NOISE-- BUT IT MEANS THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL IN THE BURIED ROCKET IS STEPPING UP THE POWER! THE ROCKET CAN'T TAKE OFF, BUT THE MOUNTING PRESSURE WILL BREAK LOOSE ANY MOMENT-- IN A BLAST AS POWERFUL AS AN A-BOMB! IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR ALL OF US! BUT IF THERE IS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE-- I WANT ELLEN AT MY SIDE!



AS THE HIDEOUS HANDMAIDENS PRESSED FORWARD -- ENTHRALLED --

THIS MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL -- BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'LL BE A GOOD IDEA TO MAKE KLATHIA JEALOUS!

IF YOU COULD EMBRACE THEM, HOW DID YOU DARE TURN FROM ME -- WHEN MY FACE WAS LIKE THEIRS!



I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO WOO A FIGURE OF HORROR! THE CHAMBER OF FLAME WILL RESTORE ME -- IT WILL RESTORE THE GIRL -- AND THEN YOU WILL BOTH JOIN HORKO IN THE INFERNAL POOL IF YOU SPURN ME AGAIN!



AN INSTANT LATER -- INSIDE THE GLOWING DOME --



WITH THE WARNING THROB OF THE ROCKET MOTOR POUNDING LOUDER --

IT IS DONE! LET THE SLABS BE RAISED!

I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT TO DO NOW -- BUT IT'D BETTER NOT TAKE MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS!



SPEAK! WHAT SHALL IT BE? MY ARMS -- OR DISASTER?

HOLD YOUR EARS, CREEP -- YOU'RE GETTING AN ANSWER MIGHTY SOON!



DON'T WAIT, ELLEN! RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE CITADEL -- AWAY FROM THAT PIT WE CRACKED UP IN!



COME ON, ELLEN,
RUN-- RUN!



THEN-- WITH THE ROCKET'S
TERRIFIC ENERGY
SUDDENLY UNLEASHED--



AS THE QUAKING ROCK GAPED
OPEN UNDER THE CITADEL
OF EVIL--

YE GODS, ELLEN--
THE BLAST
SMASHED AN
OUTLET FOR AN
UNDERGROUND
RIVER! IT'S
GOING TO
COME
ROARING
THROUGH
THE
TUNNEL!



WITH BATTERING FORCE--THE TORRENT
CHURNED FORWARD!

JOHNNY-- IT'S
HOPELESS! WE
CAN'T LIVE MORE
THAN A FEW
SECONDS!

HOLD TIGHT--
I'M TRYING
TO GRAB A
PIECE OF
WRECKAGE!



MINUTES LATER--

TRY TO KEEP YOUR
GRIP, HONEY! THE
SHOCK WAVE FROM
THE BLAST IS
THRUSTING THE
WATER ALONG--
AND THE TUNNEL
SLOPES UP!

WE'RE GETTING
SOMEWHERE--
THERE'S A
YELLOW HAZE
AHEAD!



HUNDREDS OF YARDS BEYOND--WITH
THE CURRENT SLACKING--

JOHNNY--
IT'S
SUN-
LIGHT!

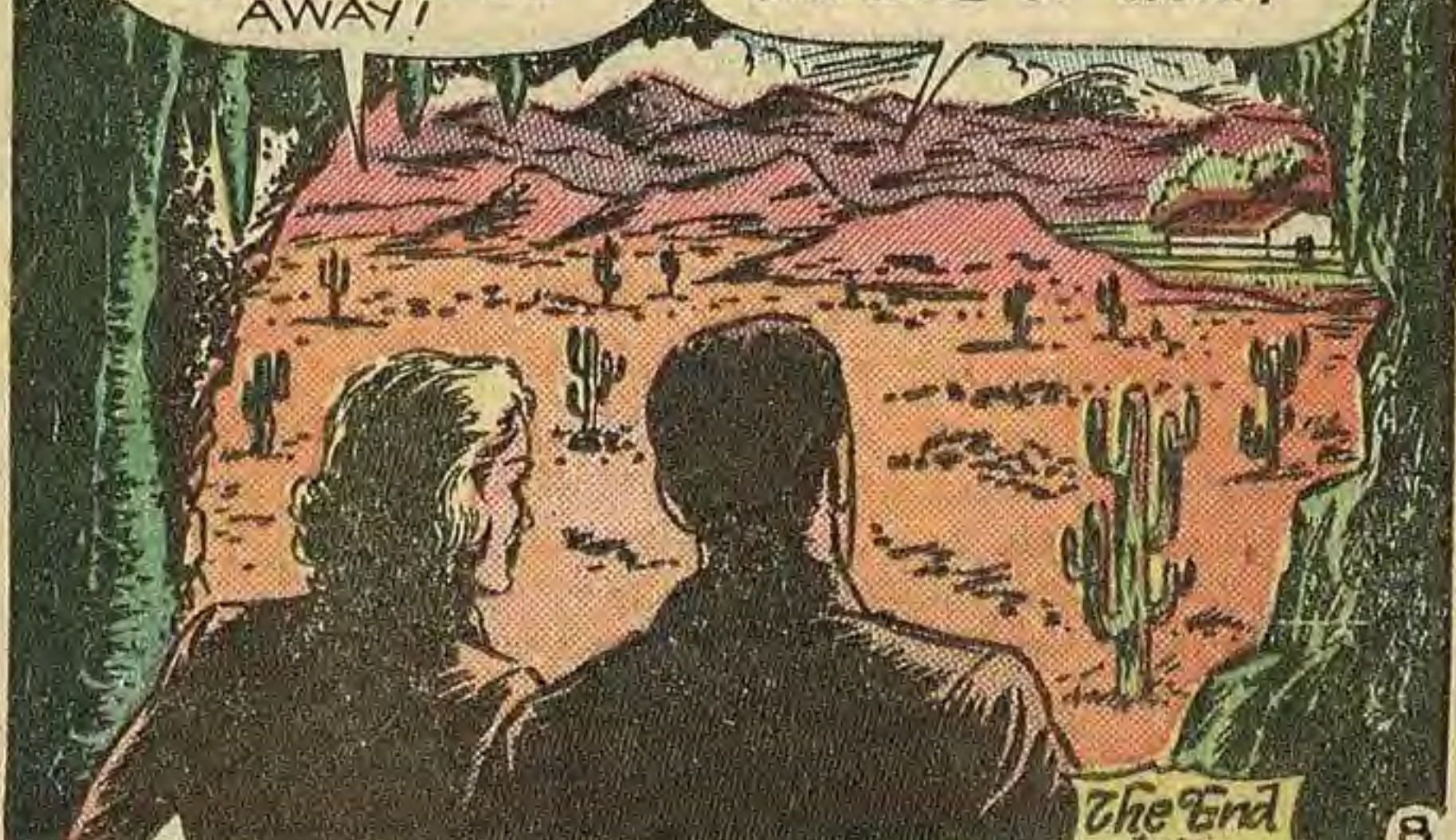
YOU'RE RIGHT--
THIS CHAMBER
LEADS STRAIGHT
TO THE
SURFACE!



SOON AFTERWARD--

DARLING, I NEVER
KNEW A **DESERT**
COULD LOOK SO
BEAUTIFUL! THERE'S
OUR ROCKET CAMP--
JUST A MILE
AWAY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL
EXPLAIN THE FACT TO OUR
STAFF THAT WE'RE STILL
ALIVE, BABY--BUT **ANYTHING**
WILL BE EASIER TO BELIEVE
THAN WHAT **REALLY**
HAPPENED IN THE
CITADEL OF EVIL!



The End

THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP! LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. B1BA
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. B1BA New York 2, N. Y.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure. I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you— are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And, won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it— with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS

OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 411
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
- My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

**JOHNNY
LUJACK**

Ace Quarterback
Chicago Bears



**What Sparks
a Champion
Sparks You!**

*and Champions
choose Wheaties!*

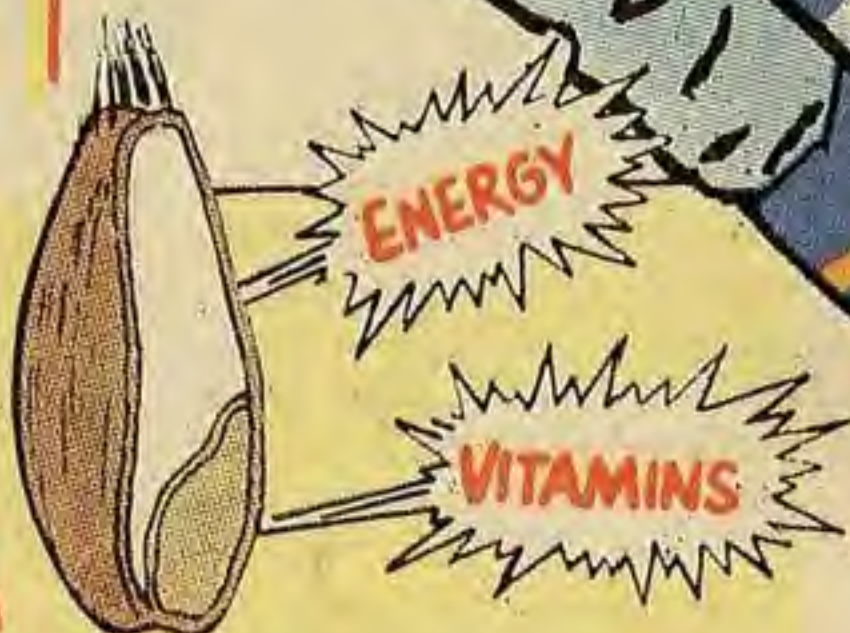
CUTAWAY VIEW
OF WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE**

Hitting the line—or hitting the books—you need lots of energy to see you through. Pour on the wheat-power. Eat lots of Wheaties like the champions do!

"Breakfast of Champions"

Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills



WHEATIES ENERGY
HELPS YOU CARRY THE
BALL AT WHATEVER
YOU DO!

